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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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SCIENCE TEACHING IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

RECENTLY this subject has cropped up very frequently. The discussion on it is largely based upon a report drawn up by Mr. O. H. Latter, science master at the Charterhouse School. The importance of the subject can scarcely be exaggerated. In the elementary schools the criticism is that too much science is taught and too little. It would appear to be the object of the Educational Department to see that school children have a smattering of a great many sciences, just as they have a smattering of several languages. But this kind of knowledge does not wear well when exposed to the usage of everyday life. All who have given real thought to the matter admit that it is better for a boy to understand one subject well than to have a very superficial acquaintance with twenty. In the same way a young man finds it of incalculable benefit to know one foreign language so that he can write and speak it; but to know a few rules of grammar and to possess a short vocabulary in several tongues is of no real service in actual life. These considerations apply still more forcibly to those schools which are preparing the children of the higher middle classes and the upper classes. The importance of their education is not always recognised to be a national concern. Yet we have to remember that the function of these schools is to form the minds of those who afterwards will be called upon to take a lead in the great enterprises of men. And science is of far more importance now than it was a hundred years ago. To take the commonest example, the farmer of the old school did his husbandry by the tradition that had come down to him from his forefathers, and the old squire who owned the land never thought that that system could be improved upon. But to-day it is necessary to get all that is possible out of the land, and no one can do so who has not made a study of certain important sciences, such as bacteriology, chemistry and geology. It is the same with our great commercial undertakings. The owner or manager of great factories or works to-day must, if he is to perform his duties with efficiency, understand thoroughly all that science can teach him of the material used in his particular manufacture and of the best machinery for the

purpose. And beyond that the country now demands that an employer of labour shall know and be able to apply the laws of health. These were roughly understood before and perhaps are not completely mastered to-day; but the new science of bacteriology has thrown a considerable light upon them, and if works are to be intelligently and healthily productive it is necessary that the directing head should have a competent knowledge of the measures necessary to be taken.

We might follow the subject into many other divagations and show what new calls are made upon the scientific attainments of members of almost every profession. Medicine, perhaps, stands out as the most conspicuous example. Science has enabled the doctor to do many things with certainty over which he previously hesitated with the mind of a mere experimentalist. The chemistry of food is understood far better now and yet leaves vast fields to be explored. Even art is deeply indebted to science. Our best singers, for example, could not render their songs so exquisitely if they did not study those laws of breathing which our ancestors ignored altogether or learned only by tradition. It is unnecessary to speak of the most scientific of all callings—that of the engineer. It has branched out into so many directions that the beginner can only specialise on a very small fraction of the general subject. He may be an expert on motor power, or electric lighting, or marine engineering; but it is scarcely possible for him to be an authority on all. The moral of all this is that it is absurd for schoolmasters to attempt to teach children a number of sciences. Far better is it for them to think out what real foundation can be laid for further advance. It is the same with knowledge as with athletics. A boy who on leaving school has become only a cricketer, or only an oarsman, has been most injudiciously taught. The business of the school is rather to develop and train all his muscles so that he is in a position to acquire proficiency in any branch of athletics on which he sets his mind. In the same way the boy who has been well trained need not on leaving school or college be proficient in any particular branch, but his mind should be so trained that he can apply himself with success to mastering the sciences necessary either to the calling he wishes to pursue or the subjects he desires to investigate. The greatest gift that can be bestowed upon him is this attitude of mind. How it can be acquired, of course, is the secret of the successful schoolmaster, because the principle is an educational one, which has been acted upon in all kinds of learning by the best of the teaching profession in every generation. But at present unusual difficulties beset the path of those who hold before them this high ideal. We have got into the habit of testing everything by means of examination, and it is much easier to find out what facts, say, about chemistry are known to a boy than whether he has had implanted in his mind those principles that eventually lead him to adopt the scientific attitude. What this is it is difficult to say in words. To be unscientific is more easily described, because, in the first place, it means to be prejudiced and prepossessed. The man of science does not believe a thing merely because he wishes to believe it. His convictions, so to speak, are always in solution, and can be changed by the application of facts. He learns to prize truth as the highest object to be aimed at, and to carry out an investigation without any of that desire to obtain a result in accord with his previous opinions which is the bane of those who have not had a scientific training.

The secondary schools have not neglected their duty in this respect. The scientific teaching that goes on within their walls is a thousand times better than it was half a century ago, but it is not yet as good as it should be. If we compare our young men with those of France, Germany, or the United States of America we can easily see that their training has to some extent been defective. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and scientific teaching abroad has borne more fruit than that at home. The science of bacteriology owes its origin to a Frenchman. Aerial navigation has been advanced chiefly by students on the Continent and in the United States. We are as practical a nation as ever, but somehow the present system of education does not develop genius to the extent that it used to be developed in this country.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Marjorie Cochrane. Lady Marjorie is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, and her mother is the only child of the late Mr. Robert Bamford-Hesketh.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



IF we may be permitted to say so, the King has surely earned the holiday and rest which he is now taking at Marienbad. Seldom is it possible that a season could have been so packed with important events as this one has been to him. A glance back shows that it has been composed of a mixture of pleasure and duty. The afternoon on which he won the Derby ought to be a red-letter day even in a Royal calendar; but his graver duties included the opening of new buildings at Birmingham University, the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the laying of the foundation-stone of the University College of Science and Technology. At Rugby he made a stirring and memorable speech, and at Wellington he did likewise. In addition to this he has reviewed Territorials at several places and inspected the Honourable Corps of the Gentlemen-at-Arms. Of the number of receptions and other State functions held by him it would be difficult to keep account; but a glance, however perfunctory, at the events of the season must show that even a constitution of iron might well require a little relaxation at the end of it.

The highest compliment that can be paid a man is to send him to the point where the most important work is to be done. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, if he has time to think of such a trivial aspect of life, may console himself for the gigantic scheme of labour drawn up for him by reflecting that the country, through the Government, recognises that for certain places he is the best, if not the only possible, representative. When he vacates the General Command in India he will be promoted by His Majesty to the rank of Field-Marshal. Already he has accepted the position of High Commissioner Commanding in the Mediterranean, where his presence will give the Command increased importance. The object is to give the Mediterranean its proper place in the scheme of Imperial defence. But first Lord Kitchener is going to Japan to represent the King and the British Army at the great manoeuvres to be held in November. After that, at the request of the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, he will visit the Commonwealth and the Dominion in order to inspect their troops and give them advice as to the most effective means of developing the military forces. Not until these things have been accomplished will he be able to take up his new command.

Whatever may be thought of the prospects of the grouse moors and deer forests, there can be no doubt about the magnitude of the exodus of sportsmen from London this year. The great railway termini bear eloquent witness to it. Porters are busily engaged at the departure of every fast train to the North carrying gun-cases and leading dogs that for the most part are extremely quiet and well-behaved, as if resolving to endure the inconvenience of the journey for the sake of the good time coming when it is over; but now and again a yelping bark testifies to the fact that even the discipline of sport cannot reduce all dogs to the same monotonous silence. No doubt the welcome change in the weather has had something to do with the sudden development of all this traffic. The reports from the moors are not altogether encouraging and the prospects appear to be much more varied than usual. Still, there are the mountain air to breathe, the hills to climb and the rivers to fish, delights which the weary legislator, tired of all-night sittings,

may well envy as he contemplates several more weeks of "budgeteering" at Westminster.

As might be expected, the special harvest reports drawn up for August are much more hopeful than were those of July. Recently we quoted the expression of an old farmer, who said "There was plenty of stuff on the ground if we could only get a little sunshine to ripen it." The sunshine has come in brilliant abundance, and the consequence is a very great improvement in the reports. It is believed now that the wheat crop will be a great deal better than that of last year, and above the average of the preceding ten years. It almost promises to be the crop of the season, and farmers will not mind the harvest being late if the ingathering be favourable. Barley has improved, and looks as good a crop now as it did seven years ago, which is saying a good deal. Oats will not do so well; but an improvement in them, too, is recorded, and probably the returns would have been excellent but for the ravages of the frit fly. Beans are in much the same plight owing to the attacks of the bean aphid. This is especially true in the Eastern Counties. Of root crops, potatoes are fair, turnips good, mangolds passable. The hay crop, we are afraid, will be very much below the average, and hops have not changed for the better. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the season must now be considered a fairly good one.

Nobody will think the less of Lieutenant Shackleton because they learn from himself that his expedition to the South Pole was not so carefully calculated with regard to finances as it would have been with an older and, perhaps we might say, with a more selfish head. The young adventurer was evidently eager to get to the South Pole, and he simply got a few of his friends to give a guarantee of £20,000 to the bank. The sum was considerably exceeded, and he purposes now, with the coolness and self-reliance which are part of his temperament, to meet it partly by the proceeds of his books and lectures and partly by the efforts of his friends. The English frankness with which he disclaims the right to make any call upon the Government is to be highly commended. Everybody would be extremely sorry to see him out of pocket, but at the same time his disregard of monetary considerations offers a refreshing spectacle at a time when everybody else seems to calculate on the monetary result of any enterprise undertaken.

AUGUST.

See August on her loaded wain
Rich gifts around her flinging,
With weary reapers in her train
Their song of harvest singing!

In robes of richest gold she's dressed,
And vine leaves crown her hair;
With flaunting poppies on her breast,
Oh! is not August fair!

And royal purple are her gowns,
On moor and hillside green,
And on our dear old Sussex Downs
Fair August reigns as Queen.

KATE PURVIS.

Among the Labour members Mr. Thomas Burt holds a unique place. Indeed, were it not that he is so essentially a working-man, and one who originated directly from the working-class, he could scarcely be classified with them at all. At any rate, he is no newcomer, since he has represented the town of Morpeth since 1874, and during that long period has won for himself golden opinions alike from his friends and opponents. His words, therefore, are always worthy of careful attention, and in his latest monthly report to the Northumbrian miners he congratulates them on the increased use of the methods of conciliation and arbitration in the settlement of disputes. He says the number of workers involved in disputes settled in 1908 was the highest on record. There was also a very large increase in the number of cases settled by permanent boards of conciliation and arbitration. The function of these boards is not to make peace when a quarrel has occurred, but to take measures to prevent strikes. Mr. Thomas Burt shows his usual sagacity in fastening the attention of the miners upon these peaceful means of settling their disputes, in contrast to the wasteful and mischievous strikes that used to be the only means of doing so.

It would appear from the foreign trade returns for July that we are at last coming to the end of the stagnation in business from which the country has been suffering for a considerable length of time. Imports, exports and re-exports are showing a very considerable increase, amounting in the case of the first to 7.5 per cent., in the second to 5.2 per cent., and in the third to 15.4 per cent. These figures are more encouraging than

any that have been brought before us for a considerable time, and they are accompanied by other intelligence of an equally satisfactory character. It might have been expected that the returns would have come out badly owing to the disturbances in the coal-mining industry. The exports of coal have been much less than usual; but that the revival of trade is real and important appears from the fact that great activity has set in at Glasgow in the American iron and steel trade. The factories are full of orders and some of the works have already started night running, so that the prospect for the coming winter has brightened very much during the last week or two.

After a prolonged and not unentertaining series of meetings the Whisky Commission has at length issued its report. It contains much that will be read with interest by the consumers. The witnesses stumbled very considerably over the definition of whisky; but for practical purposes the Commission defines it as a spirit made from no other materials than malt and non-malted grain. The controversy between those who believe in the pot still and their opponents is stated in a reasonable manner. The Commissioners consider that the form of still has not any necessary relationship to the wholesomeness of the spirit produced. They do not think that the word whisky should be restricted to the spirit manufactured by the pot still process. The enquiry shows that the public likes a blended whisky, as that from the pot still requires to be kept for a great length of time before it is mild enough for general consumption. They do not propose, therefore, that there should be any interference with the blending process. As might be expected, they have a good deal to say upon the question of brandy, which is much more liable to adulteration than whisky, and we hope that their definition will be adhered to—that brandy is a potable spirit manufactured from fermented grape juice and no other materials.

It surely may be assumed that the consideration which the Great Northern Railway has given to the abolishing of second-class carriages can end only in one way. Experience has shown that there is no real use for three classes of carriage, and the lines which have abolished the second class are certainly not likely to go back to the old system. Moreover, it has invariably followed that when the second class was abolished the third class became more comfortable. Most of the second-class carriages we know are of a narrow and uncomfortable description. They are nothing like so good as those third-class carriages which are used on the Midland and other lines.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the May-fly, the largest and in certain respects the most important of all its tribe to the angler, is everywhere on the decrease, though there is no doubt that this is the case on one at least of the famous Hampshire trout streams. On some other rivers the big fly is manifestly on the increase, and this very spring, in spite of the unkindly weather, has seen it appearing on parts of streams where it has never been known before, and fish have been taking it, perhaps for the first time in their lives. Yet in those districts no war has been waged on the swifts, swallows and martins, which are as numerous as ever before. To deny that they snap up an immense number of fly would be ridiculous; but it may be suspected that indiscriminate weed-cutting, by destroying the fly in its immature stages, is very much more largely responsible for the trouble. The extended distribution of May-fly this year lends colour to the suggestion that their numbers may be much affected by the wind blowing them away from the rivers when they take flight.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to trace the itinerary of that flock of crossbills which has been reported, in this and other papers, as appearing from time to time during the course of the present summer in various unlikely places, widely separated from each other. Perhaps their most remarkable appearance is in the Island of Malta, which they seem to have visited about the second week in July. The rarity of the crossbill in Malta is testified to by the fact that the last reported case of its visit occurred there some fifty years ago. It is quite impossible to trace the said itinerary, however, and it is more than likely that the various appearances are not of one flock but of many. The general conclusion indicated is that for some unknown reason there has been an abnormal tendency of the crossbills this year to extended migration. Another probability is that the reporting of their visits is rather infectious, partly due to a greater interest in Nature-study generally, and partly to the force of example, one observer being encouraged to publish his report by the example of another.

There is no doubt that the present summer will write its mark, which will endure for many a year, on the season's growth of trees and all plants except such as die down yearly. It has been a season when the new growth has been abnormally large—the trees have put on long shoots of new wood—and a season of almost perpetual high wind, generally from a little north or south of west. We all know the trend that the trees on the coast

acquire from the perpetual bending of the prevalent wind on their shoots when they are young and supple. The whole of the new growth in the British Islands has been subjected to much of the same kind of pressure this year, which must infallibly have impressed its sign on the trees—a sign which will endure when the wood has hardened and set in the curves so given it.

Probably there is not another county in England which gives the same opportunities as Norfolk for the study of varied forms of animal, and especially of bird, life. The county has a large seaboard, on the side nearer Continental Europe, large inland seas in its so-called Broads, many rivers and varieties of soil, from the sandy heathland and the marsh to the arable and the woodland. The multitude of species of birds which this variety is able to attract is denoted by the recent order for their special protection, issued in the usual way by the Home Secretary in response to application by the County Council. The order mentions, among others, the bearded tit, great bustard, great and little bitterns, crossbill, goldfinch, kingfisher, owls and so on. It is an order which is especially stringent in its protection of the nests and eggs of birds, certain of these being absolutely protected so far, as the penalty fixed by the law gives protection all the county over; and within certain specified areas, which include the Broads, the eggs of all species are thus safeguarded.

The landscape painters are remarking on a feature of this year's summer colouring of the foliage which probably would not strike many who are not so much concerned with the study of tones. It is evident enough, however, when it is pointed out, namely, that the oak leaves are of an unusually dark and sombre green. As a rule the elm, in its summer dress, is the darkest of those trees of Great Britain which shed their foliage before a new growth has come, but this year the oak, set against the elm, is hardly, if at all, lighter. Of course, trees of the same species differ one from another in their complexions, and occasional oaks are seen, even now, which are of the normal lighter colour, but the rule of the year is that they should be extremely sombre.

THE CONSPIRATOR.

Now, bully Bee, I pray
You tell me why
You rudely drove away
That Butterfly;
When he would lie an hour
Close to a pretty Flower.

Ah, that sly Butterfly
Is full of wile;
He does not sleep, but lie
There to be wile
Our pretty Loves to rise
And be made Butterflies.

He does not sleep or dream,
As he doth lie;
But whispers then his scheme
That she should fly;
And if he turns her head—
I may as well be dead.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

It is said that in the year 1870 a chess tournament was being held in one of the frontier towns when the German invasion began, and that the rivals went on playing unperturbed by the military advance. One would think that it would take almost as much resolution on their part to stay in the house at Scarborough while the most beautiful sunshine of the year is tempting other mortals to the sea that is close beside them. The votaries of chess are not half-hearted in their devotion, and no doubt the great tournament now going on will be carried out no matter whatever the weather may be. We note that the same familiar names appear with only that of one newcomer, Jacobs, Blackburne, Ward, Wainwright, Atkins, Sargeant, McKenzie, Mitchel, Lee—how often before have they contested for the first place. England, nowadays, does not produce Capablanca, or such a young genius as has appeared in Russia.

We have a letter from a correspondent on the subject of the village cricket and football clubs, all the country over, the point which he chiefly insists on being that in view of the Budget proposals the poor people cannot expect "to get it both ways," as he phrases it. He takes as an instance the cricket club of his own village, which has approached him with a request that he shall increase his subscription because "some of our keenest supporters are withdrawing" from us, so the secretary of the club writes, "because of the increase of taxation." His reply was a hint that the same cause might have the same effect on his contribution likewise, seeing that he was an equal sufferer

with the others, rather than that of making him increase his subscription. He further suggested that the playing members themselves, who only give half-a-crown a year at present, should double their subscription, seeing that the taxation, which would

be heavy, on the neighbouring gentry, who subscribe something like £1 apiece on an average, would be for their benefit; but this suggestion did not meet with much approval. No doubt the case is only typical of many.

THE CHILDREN'S OLDEST PLAYMATE,

IT almost makes one young again to see the merry groups of bathing children which the camera has caught so cleverly in their natural gambols and it touches a chord of memory. For is there any acquaintance so doubtfully begun as that of an inland boy with the sea? At first it inspires nothing but awe. The wide level expanse of water, its restless heaving motion, the curl and fall of summer waves, the wet sands left by the retreating tide, lay hold of the imagination.

And in early morning something of the feeling often returned. Such mornings left an ineffaceable impression on the memory.



J. C. Douglas

DASHING IN THROUGH THE SPRAY.

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There was the sun, the golden sun, climbing up the East; usually an ebbing tide, sand marked with the feet of sandpipers that ran about here at dawn, though by the time groups of bathers were appearing they had flown round the jutting cliffs and sought less-frequented haunts. All is glistening—the sand, the line of foam left by the tiny curling wavelets, the great changing sea on whose idle restless waters the sun paints an orange pathway. The scene lay under a soft enchantment that was not broken by the cold thrill which ran through

the body at its first impact with the pure water. Even now the most delightful bathe seems to be that of the



J. C. Douglas

A SPLASHING MATCH.

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BATHED IN SUNLIGHT AND SURF.

Copyright.

early morning when we plunge into a sea with scarcely a sail on it, and think as we do of "the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea." But the sentiment is imparted altogether by the spirit of retrospection. Nobody is less self-conscious than a healthy schoolboy. His modest ambition is at first only to duck, but very speedily he aspires to swim and to achieve that means to enter into the closest relationship with the sea. Such is the more serious view of the young mind; but, luckily, the sea has associations of fun and frolic. The very same boy who in the morning bathed by himself, afterwards went wandering away among the cool, wet rocks, his enquiring mind giving the same eager attention to young crabs, poked out of their hiding-places, and limpets and small fish and floating seaweed, later on joins a band of companions and becomes the merriest of the merry. Although as yet incapable of formulating

the thought, he is finding out that there are no playfellows to equal the wind and the sea. Perhaps one should add their less active auxiliary the sun. And the first lesson they teach him is that the wearing of clothes, advisable as it is under many phases of our variable climate, is capable of becoming a bugbear and a superstition. Physicians have discovered that a sun-bath is itself a kind of medicine. To uncover the body and subject it to the pure and cleansing forces exerted by sun, wind and tide is in itself a healthy exercise. It is a curious fact that many people, a majority, perhaps, discover themselves awkward and helpless when naked. The writer once knew an old pedlar who, even when he walked for pleasure—we fear pleasure must in this case be spelt drink—always carried his pack with him. Without it, he said, "he could not keep his balance." So likewise we grow so accustomed to the weight



J. C. Douglas.

DRIPPING FROM THE SEA.

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of clothes that we feel at a loss in their absence. But let a child spend a few hours daily in the height of summer without the usual impediment of clothes, and he will speedily obtain a new and very delightful control of his limbs. Let him escape from the punishment of having to wear shoes perpetually. Here we have a more striking illustration of the injury that clothes may produce. A child accustomed to go barefoot wherever it is practicable soon discovers usefulness in his feet that would otherwise have lain dormant. A boot, even when well fitting, presses the toes together, and prevents any free use being made of their joints. But the child accustomed to go barefoot soon learns that his toes may be nearly as useful as fingers. In balancing, in climbing, and needless to say in walking and running, he obtains a very perceptible advantage. Theoretically all this is accepted at school, but the much-desired results cannot be obtained by set exercises. In such jolly games as the children of our illustrations are playing with the sea lies the way to make them develop the latent powers of their feet. When in water they more than anywhere else feel the need of "a good understanding." A child wading in a stony brook for the first time is very apt to give way to the pressure of the running water. Much more likely is he to do so when, one of a laughing band, he tries to stand up to a summer wave breaking on the shore. It is good for him to make the experiment in company, since the presence of others is likely to drive any nervousness away, and, better still, he knows that an accident will only lead to an outburst of the schoolboy's merciless laughter. The very excitement and mirth are good for him. There is no exercise so invigorating as that which comes with the flow of high spirits natural to children at play. And for this

reason, even were the solid benefit non-existent, it would be well to give to children the fullest opportunity to frolic and play with the sea. Most beneficial is it, too, that the children of an island race should find their amusement in buffeting the waves. Probably there is nobody alive in the country who, if he went back far enough, would not number a "sea-dog" among his ancestors. Generations may have worked at counter and till and in office, but "those who go down to the sea in ships" laid the foundation of the English race, and in their fondness for the sea the children no doubt are but giving expression to what is latent in their blood. Contact with the sea, unknown to themselves, awakens a yearning derived from ancestry which delighted in "the solan's bath." Not the least of the fun and the advantage to the bathers lies in the games

to which it leads on the shore. No child who is worthy of the name is in a hurry to don clothes which have been once laid aside, and the using of towels is a luxury not to be encouraged. At any rate, we have always had the impression that it is much healthier for the bathers to dry themselves by scampering about the beach until the sea water on their bodies evaporates. Incidentally it may be mentioned that there is one advantage of this that is not to be jeered at. The season of the year most suitable for bathing is also that in which various winged enemies of mankind lie in wait for every opportunity of inflicting chastisement on the human body. There is no better prevention against their attacks than a coating of brine such as is laid on by a prolonged series of bathes in the sea, and obviously this brine is more likely

to remain if the wind is left to do the drying in preference to the use of a towel. It is good, too, that an opportunity should be provided for such wrestling as is shown in one of our illustrations. The accidental resemblance which it bears to some of the representations of classic Greek wrestling must be obvious, and shows, at any rate, what must be the natural form which this trial of strength would take. The vigour and suppleness exhibited in the attitude of the two boys show that it is not the first time they have indulged in games like this. Most of them seem very well aware that every article of clothing that is used during bathing is a hindrance to that exercise. The heavy and elaborate garments which a great many women and some men seem to think it incumbent to wear in the water, must form the greatest possible obstacle to their progress in the art of swimming and any real freedom of movement in the sea, and must, at the same time, cause an amount of lassitude that goes far to counterbalance all the advantage of



J. C. Douglas.

WRESTLERS.

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bathing. In certain circumstances, of course, a small amount of clothing is necessary, but children bathing by themselves in a secluded bay ought to be encouraged to do so without clothes of any kind; but, of course, the greatest of all joys is to be able to swim out in the middle of a hot day and float in the sunshine, while the noise of the children on the shore castle-building, paddling, digging, donkey-riding, falls on the ear like the distant music of a dream, and one's only companions are the white-winged seagulls, whose plumage flashes as they fly between one and the sun, and the dusky cormorant rocking lazily on the water. That gives such a feeling of disengagement from the solid earth as can scarcely be had anywhere else except it be on one of the new flying-machines, where probably the idea of peril drives away all thought of enjoyment.



B. Ward-Thompson. "UNDER THE OPENING EYELIDS OF THE MORN."

Copyright.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

"DEAR Tony seems unusually thoughtful," said Lady Custerd. Lord Raymes glanced up from his paper.

"I wonder how he manages it," he observed.

"Manages what?"

"To seem thoughtful."

Lady Custerd was the widowed sister of the late Lady Raymes, and her successor in the chatelainship of Raymes Hall. Much as she venerated her distinguished brother-in-law, there were moments when she considered him almost cynical. Of such a quality she professed herself no judge, since her own antecedents had been Anglican to a fault, yet under what other heading could she describe this reference to his youngest son? It certainly sounded unlike that literal and simple adherence to fact which had been the keynote of the late Sir Wilfred Custerd's public career.

"You are unfair to poor Tony," she replied.

"In what way, Gwendolen?"

"He may not be exactly clever, but surely you don't call him a fool?"

"No," said Lord Raymes, "I have so far kept my opinion to myself."

Lady Custerd had found it to be a golden rule that whenever she failed to understand him, Raymes must be exhibiting the worse side of his nature. Into her voice strayed a note of rebuke.

"I feel sure the boy has something weighing heavily on his mind."

He also looked grave.

"Find out who put it there and warn them."

"Warn them!" she exclaimed. "Of what?"

"Of the fact that Tony's mind is constructed for light articles only and must not be used for heavy luggage."

She felt sure of her ground now.

"Raymes," she pronounced, "you are cynical."

"It is the only form of sport I can afford," he sighed.

In aggrieved silence his sister-in-law left him and sought out the unhappy Tony.

She found him in the billiard-room, conversing in hushed tones with the friend of his earliest youth. It was the Easter vacation of their first year at Oxford, and Algie Cropper, as usual, was spending some portion of his holiday at Raymes Hall.

Except by the bonds of affection they were in no wise related, yet there was an undeniable resemblance between the twain. Both had pink round faces, amiable blue eyes, the first symptoms of incipient fair moustaches and well-developed and athletic figures. But whereas Algie's hair was fair and flat, Tony's rippled from a central parting in pleasant auburn wavelets, and while Algie scaled 11st. 2lb., Tony already weighed 12st. 4lb. Also he was an Honourable. It was therefore natural that, though their esteem was thoroughly mutual, Algie's feelings should partake of reverent admiration also.

On Lady Custerd's entrance their voices died away, and they surveyed her out of four expressionless blue eyes.

"Aren't you playing billiards?" she enquired, pleasantly.

"No—er," said Tony.

"Tired of it?"

"Er—yes," said Algie.

"Aren't you going out?"

"No—er," said Tony.

"You prefer talking away by yourselves?"

"Er—yes," said Algie.

She looked at her nephew with anxious affection.

"You are sure you are quite well, Tony?"

"Positive—er—quite."



THE TRIALS OF TONY: HIS FIRST ROMANCE.

BY
J. STORER CLOUSTON.

"You don't seem in your usual spirits; does he, Algie?"

"Well—er—"

The two youths exchanged a glance.

"Oh, he's right as rain," said Algie, hastily.

A profound silence followed, and Lady Custerd drifted away still unsatisfied.

The moment the door had shut behind her the hushed voices began again.

"By Jove, it's a funny thing, you know, Algie."

"Awful funny, dear old boy. You of all people!"

"Never thought it would happen to me, don't you know?"

"Shows one never knows."

"Dash it, Algie, shows one can never be certain."

"One never can be certain, Tony."

"Never can be certain."

The two philosophers brooded in silence for a space, and then Anthony resumed.

"She's a ripper; isn't she?"

"Jolly pretty girl!"

"I say, she's awful in love with me."

"Good old Tony!"

"You think she's—er—just the girl for me, don't you?"

For an instant even the faithful Algie hesitated.

"Oh—er—rather!" he answered, with a warmth suggestive of the forcing frame.

Tony seemed dissatisfied.

"Dash it all, but you said just now you thought she was."

"But I haven't said she wasn't."

Tony brooded for a few minutes, and his friend, with a slightly embarrassed air, lit a cigar (a fine specimen of one of those priceless brands—not too brittle and harmoniously marbled in three shades of brown—on sale only in the city of Oxford).

"I think when a fellow's really in love all that kind of thing is rot," said Tony, suddenly.

"All what?"

"Oh, I mean who her father was and that sort of thing. I think that's rot."

"Dear old fellow, I admire you for it!"

"But don't you?"

"Er—yes, I suppose so."

"Wouldn't you take her yourself if you were me, and—er—blow the expense?"

"If I was you; rather, Tony!"

Tony looked happier.

"It's a funny sensation," he remarked in a dreamy voice.

"I s'pose it is."

"You've never been head over ears yourself?"

"Well, not completely."

Tony sighed.

"Ah, then you don't know!"

"No, I s'pose I don't. Still, I can sympathise."

"Yes, of course, you know her; and she's a ripper, isn't she?"

"Jolly pretty."

"And nice?"

"Jolly nice."

"And perfectly all right if it wasn't just for beastly prejudices?"

"If it wasn't just for beastly prejudices."

"Aren't they sickening?"

"Quite agree with you."

Tony smiled amorously into space, but from this region he was abruptly recalled.

"When are you going to have it out with your guv'nor?"

The rapt expression left Anthony's countenance.

"Dash it, that's the rub. The gov'nor and I—well, we get on like one o'clock—he's never tried to pull me up or anything, not for years. He's a good 'un, Algie, but—er—he isn't like you, you know."

"No," said Algie, modestly, "I s'pose he isn't."

"He kind of varies. Sometimes he's quite a sportsman, and sometimes he seems to lose it."

"Deuced pity," said Algie, sympathetically.

"Deuced. It makes it so hard to know how to break the news to him. He'll understand, of course, when I explain, but it's how to begin—that's what bothers me."

Algie looked profound.

"I'd advise you to lead up to it, old chap."

"Lead up to it—how?"

"Oh, just work him up to the scratch."

"I see," said Tony, dubiously, and then in a moment added, "Like what, do you mean?"

"Oh, like you work up a jibbing horse."

Tony looked wise.

"I know the kind of idea you mean, but somehow the gov'nor's a peculiar sort of fellow. Still, I'll have a shot at it."

"I'll keep out of your way after dinner."

Tony started.

"What—to-night?"

"Why not?"

"There's no such desperate hurry."

"But just think how pleased you'll be to-morrow to know the whole thing's settled, and you've got his blessing and all the rest of it."

"There's something in that," mused Tony.

It was after dinner that same evening that Lord Raymes was surprised to see his son stroll with an abstracted air into the library, an apartment not often visited by Anthony. Observing the phenomenon curiously, his surprise was increased by the peculiar manifestations which followed his entry. Picking up a magnifying-glass that lay upon the table, Tony seated himself in silence and for some minutes examined his fingers with an air of grave pre-occupation. Then he coughed twice or thrice, each time louder than before, and at last thus addressed his parent:

"Funny how this thing magnifies."

His father smiled indulgently.

"Is it funnier than if it didn't?"

"Oh, yes, but I mean funny things do happen, don't you know?"

"At my age one is possibly less easily astonished."

"Right you are," said Tony, and laid down the magnifying-glass with a sigh.

Presently he rose and wandered round the bookcases.

"You will find the Badminton Series at the left-hand end of the second shelf," said his father.

"I'm looking for some poetry," said Tony.

Among the people of these hustling modern days Lord Raymes was looked upon as possessing to perfection that patrician repose which adorned the older generation of our justly celebrated aristocracy. But at this remark he betrayed for an instant the uncontrollable agitation of a football spectator.

"Poetry!" he exclaimed, and then recovering the mastery of his emotions, added more quietly, "I didn't know you were acquainted with the word."

"I am though," said Tony, doggedly, "and now I want to find some. Where is it kept?"

"You will probably find what you want in the bound volumes of *Punch*."

Tony regarded him with a strange expression.

"What about Tennyson?"

"Tennyson!" cried his father. "Where did you hear of him?"

"He did write poetry, didn't he?"

"My boy," said his father, kindly, "I noticed you drank rather more port than was good for you, and now you have evidently had a whisky and soda on top of it."

Tony seated himself gloomily.

"It's deuced hard," he observed.

"What is it?"

"Breaking it."

"My dear fellow, you don't mean to say it's a habit already!"

It was Tony's turn to look surprised.

"No; it's only the first time. But how did you guess?"

"From your conduct, my boy."

Tony heaved a sigh of relief, and a coy self-conscious smile spread over his pink face.

"You must have been surprised."

"Not at all; it's in the family."

"But I mean it seems funny to me to feel like that."

Lord Raymes stared at him. That complacent simper, this uncalled-for satisfaction, seemed inappropriate.

"Like what?" he enquired.

For a moment Tony did not reply. Then he said, musingly:

"I wonder if any other fellow has ever felt exactly the same."

His father started violently.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "These are not alcoholic symptoms!"

His son looked at him earnestly.

"It takes away one's taste for drink."

Lord Raymes fell back in his chair with a sigh.

"Married?" he enquired, in a voice of philosophical resignation.

Tony opened his inoffensive eyes.

"She?"

"Either of you."

"Not yet."

"Engaged, I suppose?"

"Er—yes. How did you spot that?"

"My boy, I have known you for some years. You are incapable of mitigated folly."

Tony looked hurt.

"I say," he protested, "why do you call it that?"

"To distinguish it from crime," replied his parent, gently.

Tony was confirmed in his opinion of his father's fluctuating capacity.

"Lots of other fellows have fallen in love," he replied.

"I had hoped you were quite exceptional. Forgive me, Tony, but this sudden revelation of human qualities has unmanned me for the moment."

As he spoke, the old gentleman recovered his fortitude by a meritorious effort and enquired stoically:

"Is she a barmaid?"

Tony smiled triumphantly.

"Ah, now, you see, you haven't done me justice. She is Mrs. Ruggles's daughter!"

"Mrs. Ruggles is—?"

"My landlady," said Tony, firmly. "Perhaps you may think even that isn't very lofty, or whatever you choose to call it."

"I choose lofty; it will do capitally," said his father, hastily. "And what is her age?"

"Twenty-five."

"Only six years older than yourself?"

"You don't think it's too much, then?"

"On the contrary, I should sooner deal with a lady old enough to understand the elements of business."

"Oh, you'll find Emmy jolly well all there," her lover assured him.

Lord Raymes smiled.

"Ah, even you have noticed it? Things may not be quite so bad. She indicated her passion first, I presume?"

Tony stared. There were indications of a leakage of sacred confidence here.

"Who told you?" he demanded.

"A considerable experience of lads of nineteen and ladies of twenty-five."

Tony yawned. These descents into arid generalities were very boring. They made him suspect that in his father's day Eton could not have been the nursery of culture it had since become.

"That's all right then?" he enquired.

"Perfectly right, Tony," said Lord Raymes, reassuringly. "It won't cost more than fifty pounds."

"What won't?"

"Good-night, Tony. You'll hear the result by the time you come down for breakfast."

Tony retired mystified but confident.

At the hour of ten next morning he found his friend and guest alone at the breakfast-table. Algie greeted him with a curiously sombre air.

"Tony," said he, "bear up, old fellow."

"What's wrong?" enquired Tony.

Algie handed him a half sheet of notepaper.

"That's a copy of the wire your father sent Emmy this morning."

Tony read this remarkable parental-in-law greeting:

"Please choose either Anthony without sixpence or cheque for fifty pounds by first post. Raymes."

"The reply was prepaid," said Algie, handing him a telegram, "and that's her answer."

It was brief and commendably to the point.

"Prefer cheque. Emily Ruggles," it ran.

For some moments the discarded lover contemplated this document in silence. Then he remarked:

"I say, you know."

"I know, dear old man."

"Rather a knock, what?"

"Beastly!"

"What's there for breakfast?"

"Fried sole and ripping sausages."

Tony moved over to the sideboard and inspected the breakfast dishes.

As he returned with a plateful of the highly recommended sausages, he remarked:

"Of course, there are advantages in being free again."

"Good old Tony!" cried his friend. "You take it like a sportsman!"

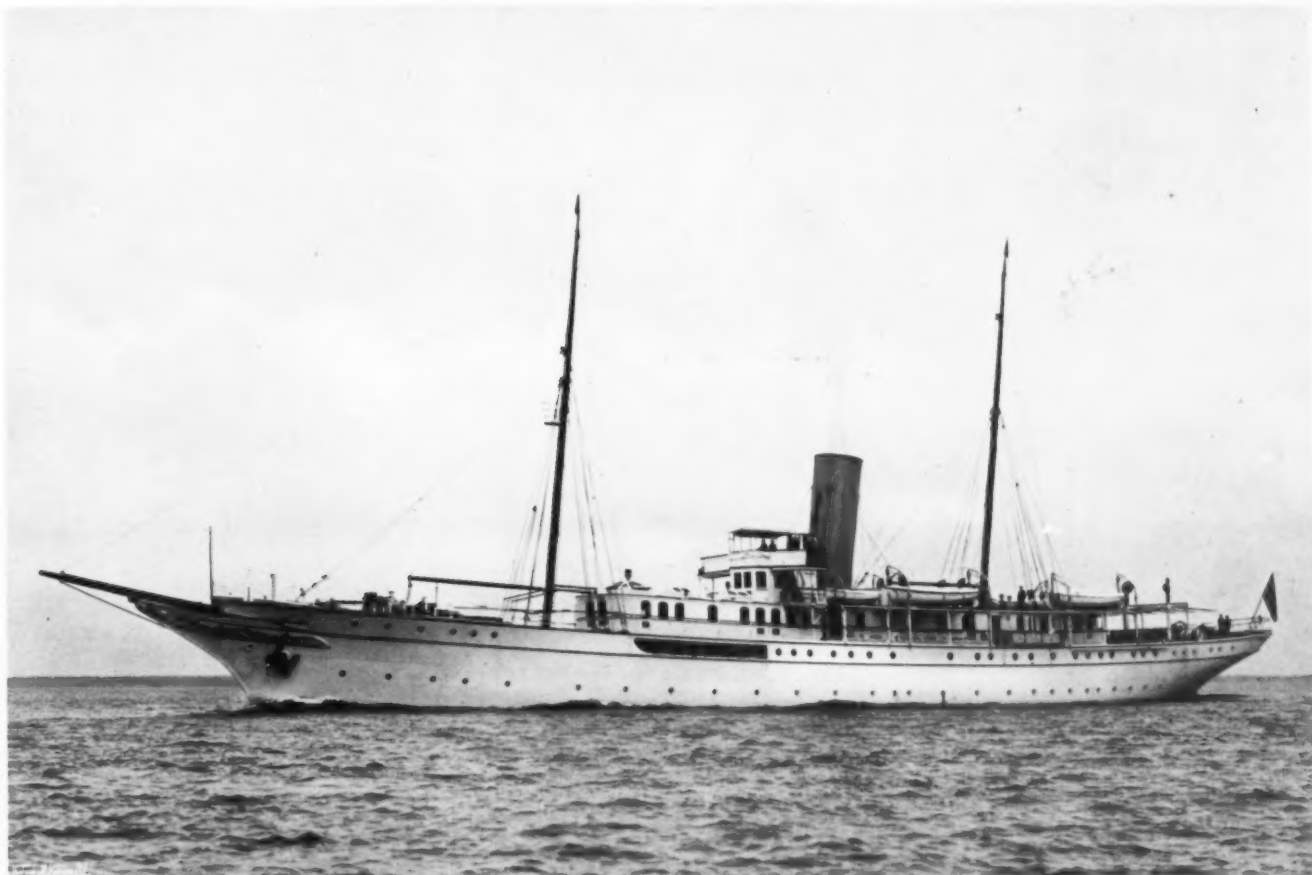
Tony smiled almost happily.

"Rum old bird the gov'nor is," he observed.

"Isn't he?"

And thus ended Tony's first romance.

THE STEAM YACHT LIBERTY.



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UNDER WAY.

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THE steam yacht Liberty is a notable addition to the pleasure craft of the world. Not merely in the matter of size—she is the fifth largest yacht afloat—but in the general scheme of her internal arrangements, she is a remarkable product of the science of modern yacht construction. Liberty was built to the order of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who wanted a boat in which spaciousness and comfort were to be the dominant notes. Comfort in a yacht, of course, implies unimpeachable sea-going qualities, and Mr. Barnett, the successor of the pioneer of luxurious yacht construction, the late Mr. G. L. Watson, designed Liberty to ensure the

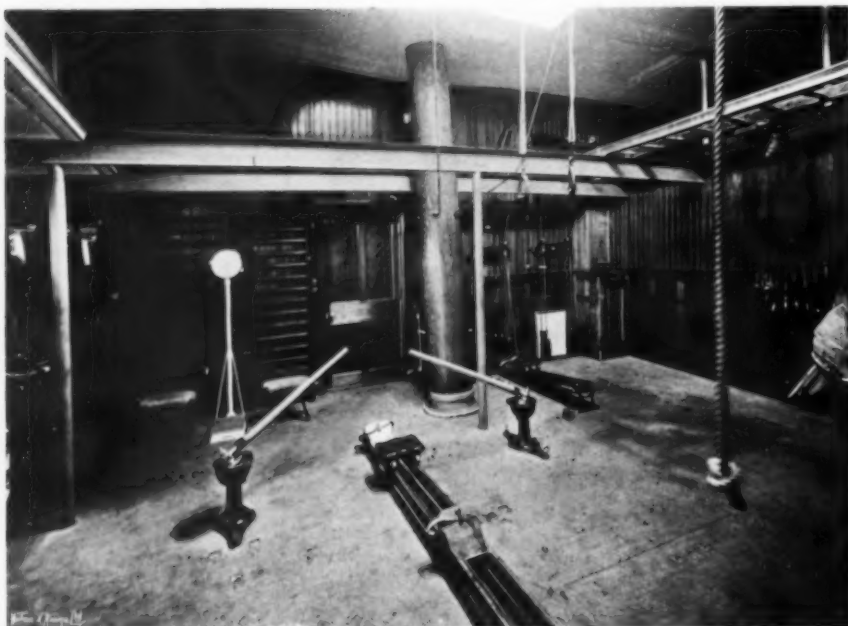
utmost degree of stability attainable in a boat of her size. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 300ft.; between perpendiculars, 268.25ft.; on the water-line, 250ft.; breadth, 35ft. 6in.; mean draught, 15ft. Her tonnage works out at 1,575, and her gross register at 1,697.49, a comparison which to the tutored eye reveals the exceptionally large accommodation of the vessel. She is commissioned in all respects as an ocean cruiser. Her coal bunkers are large enough to enable her to steam 6,500 miles. On her trial, without pressing, she attained a mean speed of 15½ knots, and, needless to say, under compulsion she could considerably improve upon this. But, unlike other yachts, to come up to specification she



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THE DINING-ROOM.

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THE GYMNASIUM.

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THE OWNER'S STATE-ROOM.

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had to undergo not only a trial of speed with a certain coal consumption, but she had also to withstand a test of slowness with a correspondingly low expenditure of coal. This latter ordeal consisted in doing 8 knots an hour for 24 hours with a consumption of 8 tons of fuel. Her owner often delights in sauntering at sea—hence the slow test. Liberty has two sets of triple-expansion engines of 650 h.p. The boilers are of the well-known Scotch type. They are of different sizes, the large one being ample to supply steam for cruising speeds, and the small one suitable for use in port and for short runs at moderate speed.

While there is no wasteful extravagance whatever, all the latest improvements in auxiliary and deck machinery have been adopted. There is a windlass on the fore-castle deck, with a powerful steam capstan forward of this. The anchors are stockless, stowing in the hawse-pipes. Underneath, on the main deck, there is an electric capstan for working a kedge anchor, and there are separate hawse-pipes for this purpose. Aft, on the main deck, is the steam steering engine, controlled from the flying bridge, and there is hand gear on the upper deck, immediately above the steering gear. On the upper deck, right aft, there is a steam warping capstan. In the machinery casings amidships there is an electrically-driven boat-hoisting engine with capstan heads each side, so that all boats may be easily and rapidly handled.

Since Liberty was delivered to her owner in April, 1908, he has cruised over 40,000 miles, crossing the Atlantic in her four times, her second trip being favoured with a continuous equinoctial gale; she has encountered the worst kind of weather the Mediterranean, the Channel and the North Sea can provide—all without an atom of damage, and to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned.

Mr. Pulitzer sustained over twenty years ago, when he was still under forty, the terrible misfortune of being stricken blind. A man of intense intellectual activity, he finds in the sea, which he loves, the best and most effectual bar to overwork, in which by temperament he is prone to indulge. He is an instance of the keen blade wearing out the scabbard.

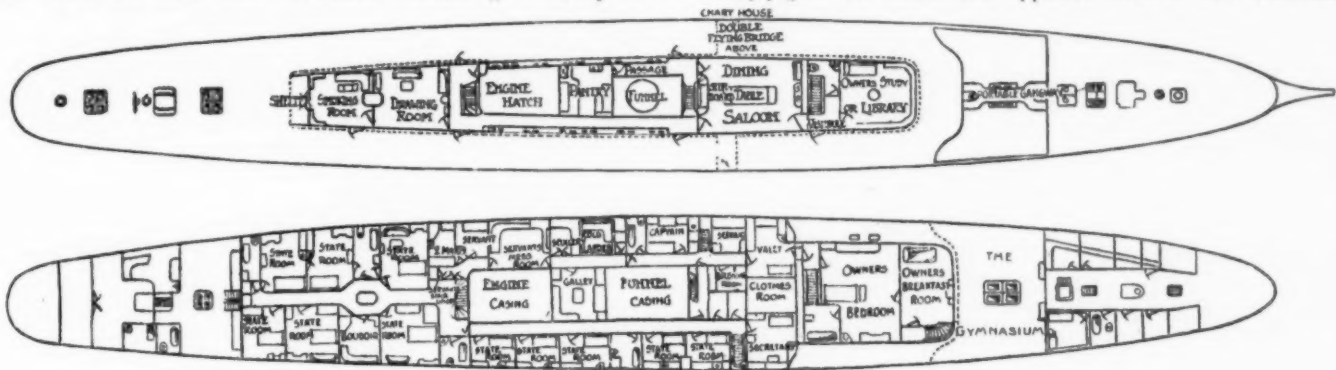
Liberty represents his idea of securing not alone the peace and isolation of the sea, but also that internal quiet, the freedom from irritating noises and vibration which are more or less inevitable in any craft containing powerful engines. Various devices have been adopted to reduce vibration to a minimum. In the first place, the twin propellers are set each to a different pitch and are run at proportionately different speeds. This lessens the evil at its source. The owner has two unusually spacious state-rooms, both identical in shape, furnishings and arrangement, one below the other. The upper state-room on the main deck is that commonly used; but when the weather is particularly bad, or when in a port with its hundred-and-one sleep-disturbing noises, he seeks the greater repose of the room on the lower deck. These rooms are forward of the engines; the intervening space is filled first by coal-bunkers and then by a bulkhead, several feet thick, stuffed with cork shavings to deaden all engine-room sounds. This scheme has proved most efficacious. Then, again, as everyone knows, the working of a donkey-engine on the forward deck of a steam yacht is apt to send disagreeable tremors along the ship. In Liberty an ingenious plan has been adopted to cut off this vibration. The bridge that spans the well between the fore-castle and the upper deck, and through which the vibrations of the donkey-engine are chiefly communicated, has been so contrived that the connection can be severed while the engine is at work. Then, none of the crew is berthed forward—the fore-castle, as a matter of fact, is aft. When the members of the crew—fifty, all told—find it necessary to go forward, there is a passage below from the crew's quarters to the fore part,

so that the entire deck from the mainmast forward is private. Under the forward well, just in front of the owner's lower state-room, is a large Swedish gymnasium, where every kind of muscular exercise can be enjoyed, various ingenious and compact appliances being provided for the purpose. No valid excuse can be offered for not keeping fit on Liberty. There are horizontal bars, trapezes, rope ladders, a punch-ball, a fixed bicycle, a sculling apparatus—all available for healthful exercise.

There are twelve guests' state-rooms, of very comfortable dimensions with plenty of head room, beautifully finished in white enamel, containing brass bedsteads instead of berths, fitted with electric light, electric fans, wardrobes and couches. The decorations were designed throughout by Mr. Murray, and they are in excellent taste without being in the least overdone. In these quarters, as in all the other arrangements throughout the ship, comfort and convenience have been the prime consideration. On the saloon deck the forward room is the owner's library; it has a circular front with large square windows, while the walls are lined with bookcases containing a library of

individual charm, and this one fully realises when wandering among the collection at Langport, which comprises those considered worthy of perpetuation, while others, that may be counted by the thousand, are in a stage of probation. One attribute of the Pæony, and of the single type in particular, is fragrance; many of the kinds have the scent of the Rose, and this is the more welcome when the flowers are gathered to fill large vases in the house. The single Pæony is even more beautiful used in this way than is the double, owing to its graceful form and the width and depth of the petals. Single flowers are not always the most long-lasting; but the Pæony is without this fault, and one gazes in wonder at the big butterfly-like blooms poised above the strong leafy stems.

It is impossible, of course, in the space of an article to name all the single Pæonies of merit at Langport, but the following were made note of for their extreme beauty. The time for planting is approaching, and it is with that object this selection has been made. Some are more expensive than others. I simply give the names that appealed most to me: Cendrillon,



ARRANGEMENT PLANS.

standard works showing the most varied literary and intellectual taste. Aft of this room, and separated from it by a vestibule, is the dining-room, a fine apartment, done in different shades of oak, lit by four large square windows, with a table capable of seating sixteen persons comfortably. Then there is a very pretty drawing-room, which, like the dining-room, contains a piano, for the owner is an intense lover of music; and aft of that a smoke-room, also in oak, opening on to a shelter looking aft, where meals are partaken of when the weather permits. A feature of the upper deck is the promenade around the deck-houses. This gives a clear space of 8ft. 6in. on each side absolutely unbroken by any deck-hamper, so that one's walk is uninterrupted by any obstacle. When you have walked fourteen times round the upper deck you have covered a mile.

The engine-room of a modern steam yacht of the dimensions of Liberty is apparently, to the lay eye, a bewildering confusion of machinery compressed into the smallest possible space. There are first of all the ship's engines, then the condensing engine, the electric plant, the electric boat hoist apparatus, the steam-heating plant for all parts of the ship, the freezing machine for the cold-storage chambers, and the steam steering engine. In Liberty the engine-room and stokehold are exceptionally well ventilated, so that the engineers and stoking staff have not much to complain of. For the stokers, indeed, there is a finely appointed tiled bathroom, where, their spell of work over, they can get a hot or cold shower-bath to wash off the grime of the stokehold.

J. M. TUOHY.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE SINGLE PÆONY.

AMONG the nobler flowers for the garden—flowers that may be planted to create brilliant colour-pictures in the summer months—the Pæony is one of the most treasured. I am writing now not of the double kinds, of which the most familiar, to those who have only a slight acquaintance with the flower, is the crimson Pæony beloved of the cottager, but of the beautiful single type. The birthplace of the many hybrids available was in the nursery of Messrs. Kelway and Sons of Langport, and recently I was charmed with the grace and colouring of the flowers, that would not overshadow even the fluttering beauty of a Viscountess Folkestone Rose.

The single Pæony is winning its way into the hearts of all who love their gardens. There are, as in the case of the double forms, the rich crimson of the young stems in spring, then the wealth of spreading foliage and the crowning glory, flowers that in diversity of colouring may be compared even to the Shirley Poppy; the big trembling petals are painted with the tenderest and strongest shades. The variety may be as white as driven snow or the colour of the Blackberry—all have their

a flower with two rows of petals and, therefore, not strictly double, cherry red, with a centre of gold and pink, a striking association of rich colours; Her Grace, soft pink, the pink of the hedge Rose, with yellow anthers; Lady Cecilia Rose, snow white, intensified by the golden centre; Moonlight, appropriately named, a pure silvery white; Queen Alexandra, which may be likened to an exquisite white Water-lily, cup-shaped and golden yellow in the centre; White Lady, of similar form and absolutely colourless; Pride of Langport, rose pink, a lovely flower; Bridesmaid, white with golden centre; Queen of May, white; Duchess of Bedford, light pink; Golden Rose, which may be well described as cherry purple; Princess of Monaco, rose; and Queen of Spain, pink.

Pæonies are not difficult to grow, and when established should become permanent features of the garden without disturbance of the roots. Here are a few hints which are the outcome of Messrs. Kelway's ripe experience. When the plants are to embellish the garden proper, trench or dig the position in which they are to be placed 2ft. or 3ft. deep, adding plenty of well-rotted cow-manure and leaf-mould if the natural soil is stiff clay. As long as there is an "eye" the plant will grow; it is difficult to kill the Pæony, but, as I have mentioned, it dislikes disturbance. Water Pæonies well, especially where the soil is shallow, and a covering of manure or leaf-litter is beneficial during a hot summer, as this acts as a protection to the roots from the sun. Between the Pæonies may be planted dwarf alpine flowers, bulbs, and grouped with them Delphiniums, Gaillardias, hardy Lobelias, Michaelmas Daisies and flowers of that robust character.

Messrs. Kelway have long recognised and stimulated interest in the Pæony border. Pæonies are so compact in root growth as neither to injure suitable bulbs planted among them nor to be harmed by the bulbs, so that many beautiful pictures can be formed with the background of the young Pæony growth in early spring and of the matured foliage when summer is over. A bed of golden Daffodils mingled with the blood-coloured young Pæony shoots and bordered by a delicate china blue bind of the "Glory of the Snow" is a sight which lingers in the memory long after the Pæonies have lapsed into their wealth of gorgeous summer bloom, even until the Gladioli tower over the masses of broad foliage in July, August and September, and cool their rich hues against the colder, more graceful beauty of Lilies and Galtonias. The borders should consist, as far as the Pæonies are concerned, of June-flowering kinds, varieties of albiflora, with those that bloom early, and also of officinalis on the outskirts or mingled among them. Of course, Tree Pæonies planted in the background or to break up the herbaceous kinds add to the effect where space allows. The borders for this purpose should be trenched or deeply dug and well manured; bulbs, with the exception of the Lilies and Gladioli, will be planted in the autumn, the Pæonies any time between the end of August and March, and the Lilies and Gladioli in spring.

The Pæony should play a great part in the beautifying of the garden; it will light up with colour the sides of carriage drives, the front of shrubberies, and impart a dash of brilliant scarlet to the meadow that approaches the house. An early summer sun shining on the flowers gives them a warmer glow; but for such planting perhaps the double kinds are the most appropriate. I am thinking more in these notes of the graceful, varied-coloured and fragrant single type, for which I prophesy a lasting popularity.

TWO BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

Alice Gray.—It is strange that some of the most beautiful Roses are almost unknown, and the reason is stranger still—they are "old-fashioned." *Alice Gray* belongs to this class, overshadowed by newer hybrids that have little of its beauty. This Rose I have on a pergola post, and it is giving at the present time—early August—cascades of its double flowers; they hang in big clusters and the graceful shoots bend with the weight of their burden. The last occasion on which I saw this Rose was in the garden at Pain's Hill, Cobham. Surely such a Rose as this, sweet in scent, perfectly double, a happy attribute in this summer of wind and rain, and of varying shades of rose and white, should be seen oftener at exhibitions to bring its rich merits more before the flower-loving public. It is of extremely vigorous growth, and will quickly wreath pillar or pergola post with its wealth of flowers.

Jersey Beauty.—When this Rose is vigorously pruned it will climb a tall post in the space of a year. Its growth is prodigious, and none the less welcome on that account, for the reason that it may be truthfully described as evergreen. The foliage is very thick, bright glossy green, and in the depth of winter this shining colour almost rivals the glint on the Hollies in the hedgerow. Another virtue is its length of flowering, and one never tires of the single flowers that seem like big creamy stars against the foliage. The more one sees of *Jersey Beauty* the more winsome is its beauty.

THE YELLOW WOOD TREE.

Two species of *Cladrastis* are known in gardens, one called *C. amurensis*, a native of Amurland, and the other *C. tinctoria*, a native of the United States. The former does not make such an ornamental specimen as the latter, neither does it grow so large. *C. tinctoria* assumes the proportions of a medium-sized, round-headed tree; it is, however, of slow growth and takes a considerable time to reach the normal height of 35 ft. to 40 ft. The leaves are large and handsome, being pinnate and composed of from seven to eleven leaflets. The flowers are white and pea-shaped, and are borne in long, pendulous racemes somewhat after the style of a loose *Laburnum* inflorescence. As the flowers fade the young seed-pods become conspicuous, as they are of a reddish purple colour. It thrives in ordinary garden soil and is perfectly hardy. A drawback to its general cultivation is the fact of its being a shy bloomer, for as a rule a crop of flowers is only produced after a hot summer, when the wood has been thoroughly ripened.

THE YELLOW WAGTAIL.

DURING my summer fishing excursions as a boy to a deep pool in the river Ivel, some eight or ten miles north-east of Bedford, I well remember the yellow wagtail as my constant river companion. Perhaps only a few yards away he was to be seen daintily pattering about some floating patch of weed, or on a mass of cut rushes that had come down stream and found an anchorage against the wooden piles that remained as evidence of a once existing boating stage. Often his dainty walk would break into a jerky little run, followed by some wonderful sudden turns in mid-air, that almost defied the eye to follow, as he sought some luckless winged insect, and, judging by the continuous snapping of his beak, many met their death. Sooner or later, however, a fresh cast of my line would send him looping to the next floating hunting-ground. At the particular point mentioned the river runs through two or three rough damp meadows, freely sprinkled with tussocks of coarse grass, admirably suitable as a nesting haunt for these birds.

One afternoon in June, two years ago, I wandered across these same meadows with my camera, keeping a sharp look-out for any movement on the part of the birds that would give me a clue as to the whereabouts of the nest. By freely using my field-glasses I was not long in finding a nest of young, but



J. H. Symonds.

COCK BIRD COVERING YOUNG.

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unfortunately for my purpose they were too far advanced in life; in fact, they were just on the point of leaving the nest. It now being late in the season, I abandoned all hope of photographing the yellow wagtail that year. However, I resolved to remember my little yellow bird friends when they returned from their North African winter quarters in the next spring.

But, as fate would have it, I was obliged to see that spring and summer go by without result, and during the weary dull days of winter I forgot them altogether. With the welcome song of willow-wren, white-throat and cuckoo in the spring of this year, however, I was reminded of the yellow wagtails, so on April 26th I set off to the rough meadow by the stream and took up my stand under cover of a may bush. I was soon greeted by a slightly drawn out high cry, "Wheet," and a yellow wagtail alighted upon a fence; she had returned with material for nesting purposes. After watching both birds visit a particular spot a few times I went and found they were busy making their home cosy with a lining of horsehair, both birds meanwhile hovering overhead uttering a repeated anxious cry of "Weesit, weesit." I judged it would be ready for eggs in about two days, and being thus satisfied with my mission, I returned home after carefully noting the site. My next visit was on May 3rd; the nest then contained



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COCK CARRYING FOOD TO NEST.

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four eggs, indistinctly spotted over with ash grey spots on a dirty white background, and five ultimately made the full clutch. During the time occupied by incubation I went once to see if all was well. Walking quietly by without stopping, and pretending not to look, I saw the hen yellow wagtail was faithfully carrying out her duties. During the time the birds were laying and the earlier period of incubation some bitterly cold weather was experienced; consequently on going over on May 19th with my camera and "hiding" prepared for work I was not surprised to find two infertile eggs with the three young, which had not at that date the power of sight. As the weather conditions were favourable I commenced preparations at once. The hiding was erected barely 4ft. in height, some 10ft. or 12ft. from the nest; I then from a distance through my field-glasses watched the birds frequently go to the nest. Being thus assured they were not alarmed by the strange object, I left the immediate neighbourhood. Returning in an hour or so, I slipped into the hiding

and hitched it up by instalments from inside during the birds' absence, until I got within workable distance. I found the yellow wagtails uncommonly indifferent to any little sound from within the tent; both birds sat unconcernedly on the nest, at different times, of course, while I arranged the camera, which occasioned a little noise and shaking of the hiding. With two exceptions the exposures were instantaneous. The illustration depicting the cockbird covering the young, and also the one showing the hen occupying a favourite stand two or three yards from the nest, were obtained by exposures of about a quarter of a second by a silent shutter fixed



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HEN BIRD'S RETURN AFTER FORAGING.

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inside the camera; the instantaneous exposures were made also by a noiseless working shutter fitted on the lens tube, both of my own manufacture.

The hen yellow wagtail often retired to this particular stand after she had taken food to the young, and here her actions were interesting. Should a fly venture near she would crouch down like a cat getting ready for a spring, then, at the opportune moment, dart forward and a capture would result. Attempts were often made at fly-catching by the birds as they sat on the nest. As is customary with other birds, both the cock and



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HEN ON THE WATCH FOR ANY PASSING FLY.

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hen took part in the feeding of the young, the hen being, however, decidedly the most assiduous. Caterpillars and winged insects chiefly formed the diet of the young birds. Consistent with the traditions of bird-life, the yellow wagtails were scrupulously attentive to the comfort of their charges; even the bed came in for an occasional shake up. A good deal of energy was expended on this little duty while it lasted. It was undertaken by both birds; standing over the young, they pulled vigorously at the interior of the nest until arranged to their satisfaction.

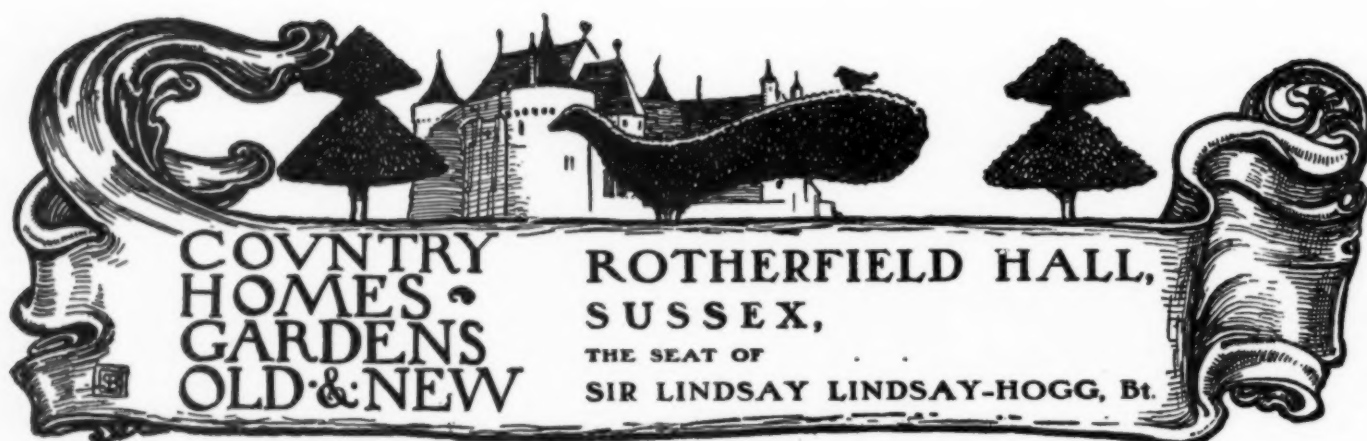
Unfortunately for me, a herd of Welsh cattle were occupying the meadow on the day of my operations, and, naturally, they were anxious to investigate my hiding. I did not fear any harm from them; but they gave me considerable trouble and caused me annoyance by necessitating my driving them away on two or three occasions. Some days afterwards I was again in the vicinity, and went to see if the little family had been duly reared. I saw a pair of old yellow wagtails feeding some fully-fledged youngsters a short distance away, so I concluded that all had gone well. JAMES H. SYMONDS.



J. H. Symonds.

BOTH PARENTS AT NEST.

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THE term Country Home surely implies something more than a set of enclosed rooms. It should include the environment of the house, its courts and offices, its terraces and lawns, its orchard and wilderness. Country dwelling should be to the greatest possible extent open-air dwelling, and therefore the outside of the house, with its garden architecture and its landscape features, is of more importance even than its internal disposition and decorations. Let the latter be the principal care of the town dweller. The countryman should esteem the acreage of his grounds and not merely the square yards of his house as his habitation. This was the rule of old when house and environment were part of a single architectural scheme. But in the nineteenth century it was greatly the habit to build the house without any direct reference to its surroundings, without its gardens forming part of the general design, without, indeed, assigning to the laying out of the place any adequate quota of the entire sum to be spent on the undertaking. The landscape school of gardening, the Browns and the Reptons of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, had much to do with this. The designer of the house and the designer of the gardens (if, indeed, the word design can be applied to their methods) were two people working independently of and, probably, without reference to each other. The house emanated from the office with little regard to its site. The garden wound its gravel paths, extended its mixed shrubberies, dotted its specimen plants, set its lobelia and calceolaria circles, stars and crescents about the lawn without worrying itself where the house stood and what pictures it was going to make in connection with it. The result was extremely unsatisfactory, and people are now at much pains to

remedy it. Many of the fine new gardens that have recently appeared in these pages are instances of this attempt to fit new features on to house and grounds that lacked interest and completeness. The outcome is somewhat piecemeal. It has been impossible to give complete consistency and interdependence to the parts. House and gardens at Easton Lodge, at Hestercombe, at Hartham Park, give the idea that they were originally strangers that became acquainted by the accident of neighbourhood, and are kindly disposed to each other in consequence. They are not the twin children of the same parent, bearing a strong family likeness and tied to each other by the bond of blood. Such, however, is the case where the same architects have begun afresh, where they have not had to correct or amplify an existing place, but have been able to design house and garden as parts of a single conception, closely co-ordinated and exactly fitted to the features of the chosen site. This Mr. Lutyens has done most successfully at Marsh Court and at Orchards, while Mr. Peto's creations on the Riviera are most notable examples of maturely considered schemes emanating in their entirety from a single brain and carried out under close supervision down to the smallest detail. Of the same character, if on rather a smaller scale, is the place now illustrated. Rotherfield Hall may be taken as a sample of Mr. Inigo Thomas's manner of house and garden planning, for every inch of it bears his stamp. Yet it is not by any means a fresh place. The old house is there, but it is absorbed into the new. The new has clothed it-elf in the attributes of the old; but, as one half of the present edifice is new, a fresh face has been given to the general form and balance of the whole, so that it preserves the features and the character of the old, and yet



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WESTERN TERRACE ASCENT.

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ASCENT TO BOWLING GREEN.

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LOGGIA ON THE SOUTH END.

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ROTHERFIELD HALL FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

combines with them some of the best principles and features of thoughtful modern work and offers a pleasant example of the complete designing of a country home.

Rotherfield and its neighbour, Mayfield, were important places in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the Sussex iron trade was at its height. They were great agricultural parishes—each contains about 14,000 acres—but the neighbouring forges were a great asset in their prosperity. The tombs of the Fowles are to be found in Rotherfield Church, and they were one of the many Sussex landowning families who took the lead in the local industry, which also attracted hard-headed men from the North of England like the Morleys of Glynde and the Wilsons of Fletching. With John Wilson of the latter place Anthony Fowle was frequently associated for public and private business in the early part of the seventeenth century. These Fowles of Rotherfield held their heads high among the local gentry; and when a great-grandson of John Wilson married the

daughter of a man who traded and did not use coat armour, her "gentility" was considered to be established by the opinion in which her grandfather, who lived at Rotherfield, was held by the head of the Fowles. "It is worthy of remembrance," wrote her son, "that Anthony Fowle of Rotherfield used at his public Entertainments to sett this Richard Hutchinson at the upper end of his Table, telling the Company that he was as good if not a better Gentleman than himself." Who a man's grandfather was was then all-important; his trade or occupation did not affect his social position if the Heralds on their periodic visitations "allowed" his pretensions to coat armour. This was the position of many men in Sussex during that county's industrial period, and this is the origin of many of the charming old houses we still find there, such as "Bate-man's," which Mr. Rudyard



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THE DRIVE IN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE NORTH END OF THE PAVED TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Kipling has made his home, and which was described in COUNTRY LIFE last year. The well-known example of a fine timber-framed dwelling in Mayfield, known as the "Middle House," belongs to the year 1576. But Rotherfield Hall, though it was altered in 1666, as an inscription on the north side shows, was first built when Henry VIII. was King, for the date 1535 appears on the old part. Already at that time, and still more under Elizabeth, Sussex was the most important source of the ironwork used in England for all domestic purposes, and it also took the lead in the production of ordnance both for home and Continental consumption. The building of Rotherfield Hall was a result of such profitable trade, it being an example of the use of local stone (of splendid quality, extracted from its own quarry), as the "Middle House" is an example of the



GARDEN-HOUSE: NORTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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SOUTH END OF THE WESTERN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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EVENING ON THE WEST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

use of the local oak. It stands high in a much-broken and well-wooded district. It is on the side of a hill, sloping westward, so that the ground rises behind it on the east but falls rapidly towards the west, on which side it commands views of the lofty Crowborough ridge. The drive winds upwards north of the house, which is only occasionally visible through the trees, and takes a turn to sweep into the stately forecourt on the east side. Great rusticated gate-posts break the line of its northern and southern walls, while the centre of the east wall has a small arched doorway through which a water-jet, falling into a circular trough, may be seen. On each side of this fountain a stairway leads to the higher level of the long bowling greens, the one parallel with and the other at right angles to the façade of the house. The latter green is in a deep cutting of the rising ground, and serves to carry the eye along as one stands on the lower level of the doorsteps. These are surmounted by a columned porch which does not support projecting upper storeys, as it would have done had it belonged to the age which inspired it. The central gable is nearly, though not quite, flush with the main wall of the house, and the porch columns merely support a flat stone ceiling and stone balls.

variety, a symmetrical feature has been provided on either side of the central arched entrance. The lower half of the wall is brought forward about a couple of feet for a sufficient distance to include two three-light windows with a niche between them, the projection being roofed in dress stonework. This portion of the design does not fully show its intended value in the illustrations, because its lines were then obscured by an envelope of coarse-growing creepers. A selection of choice wall shrubs, lending themselves to disciplined training, would possess a botanical interest and would aid the distinctly agreeable architectural effect, which an ungovernable mass of ivy and ampelopsis mars. Since the photographs, here reproduced, were taken the knife has been freely used, with vastly improved result. The house is about 130ft. long, and the broad terrace, flagged with local, unsquared stones, stretches out a considerable distance beyond the house. Its southern end is terminated with a loggia pillared in the same manner as that in the body of the house, with which it is nearly associated, while the northern end gives into an archway flanked by niches—again we have the correct idea of balance without absolute replica of features. This is of the essence of our earlier native Renaissance



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SOUTH END OF THE WEST FRONT.

COUNTRY LIFE."

The old part of the house lies to the right, and it will be seen that its windows of different size and height do not exactly match the new ones on the left. Mr. Inigo Thomas has rightly inspired himself with the spirit which prevailed when the house was first built in 1535. He has made his new half balance the old half, but has not tied himself down to that hard-and-fast symmetry which was accepted as the rule after our architecture became more fully classic in the seventeenth century. The house is long and narrow, and a broad passage leads from the entrance door to one that corresponds on the west or garden side. Here the same excellent idea of establishing adequate balance without complete symmetry has been adopted, symmetry being here even more departed from than on the east elevation. The very fine long line of the roof gives full coherence to the design, being broken by a central gable, architecturally treated, on each side of which, well spaced, is a seriously treated dormer window. Below the roof we get on the left a note of local individuality and independence struck by the dotting of the little windows of the old work, while at the south corner, in place of the solid wall at the north end, a pillared loggia is introduced on the bedroom floor. To counteract this

period which retained so much of the Gothic age, and it is therefore quite rightly preserved in the new aspect given to the place by the additions and the gardens, all of which are conceived in the same spirit. The 8ft. fall from the paved terrace to the main parterre is traversed by means of a stairway starting through an opening in the balustrade, and then dividing to right and left parallel with and against the retaining wall. The parterre has a dignified arrangement of large box-edged square and oblong beds at each end of its grass plat, of which the centre is occupied by a stone-coped lily pool, in the midst of which Aphrodite, rising from a rather solidly-sculptured wave, stands holding a water jet. At either end of the westward edge of the parterre stand the main garden features—two tall garden-houses with tile roofs supporting cupolas fitted as dovescotes. The bases of these garden-houses project into and stand up from the third of the garden levels, a lawn which at its centre is at least 8ft. lower than the parterre, but with ends slightly raised. The high walls of enclosure continue along the boundary of these ends, and arched doorways, roundel niches and terminal balls give them distinction. But at the edge of the central portion of the lawn the

walls ramp down to parapet height, so that the sudden drop to the level of the park and the broad expanse of meadows, bounded by the distant hills, may be fully realised and enjoyed.

The lay-out of this garden is perfectly apt to its site. That this was just the right thing to do under the circumstances is the feeling it produces. The drop from level to level and the width of the sections please the eye and consort with the natural slope. There is no hint of strain or difficulty about them. The spread of the garden agrees with the length of the house and seems naturally to occupy an interval between groups of trees. No doubt there were problems to solve and awkwardness to overcome. But they have been so successfully treated that there is no trace of them showing. That is good art. A garden is a place of rest and solace to the mind. It should not obtrude astounding ingenuity or superhuman effort. These qualities may or may not have been necessary in its construction, but ere the work is complete they should if present have translated themselves into an appearance of unexciting facility. Peaceful beauty, restful charm, should be leading qualities of normal gardens. All this we find at Rotherfield Hall. On the whole, much credit is due to Mr. Inigo Thomas for the reserve he has shown. The chosen forms and materials and colours are essentially right, individually and collectively. The ingredients are

buildings that adjoin the grounds have been converted into a large range of stabling, where many a fine specimen of the equine race will be found and admired. T.

A RUSSIAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

THE Russian who frequents the Riviera and attends our Court and social functions is the type *par excellence* of a cosmopolitan, polyglot, seductive, suave, by repute fierce and subtle. But the well-born Russian is nowhere seen to better advantage than when, emerging from the gay social vortex of St. Petersburg, he repairs to his estate to pass the summer months in retired leisure. By a happy chance I have had opportunities, which do not, perhaps, often fall to an Englishman's lot, of sharing the everyday pursuits of Russian families in their country homes; and when I turn to my book of memory, the name of Stakhovich occurs to me as presenting a typical example of that large and important section of landowners in Russia who, though possessing no patents of nobility, hold titles such as that of "Grand maréchal de noblesse," and are frequently distinguished by



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ON THE PAVED TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

carefully selected and tastefully ordained. There is enough of variety, of objects and of ornamentation to avoid dullness, but there is not so much of them as to produce the least impression of crowding or of restlessness. In giving to his scheme all that was needful to satisfy the trained eye, and nothing more, an unusual amount of judgment has been shown. There is always the danger that an inventive mind will overcrowd the canvas. The present race of garden architects need a warning against this pitfall, but Mr. Inigo Thomas has successfully avoided it in the really delightful gardens at Rotherfield Hall.

The alterations and additions were carried out for Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg, Bt., the present proprietor, who formerly sat for the southern division of the county. He is well known as one of our best amateur four-in-hand whips, and the old farm

appointments attaching them to the person of the Sovereign. After a tedious railway journey, I arrived at Eletz, a small provincial town some fourteen miles from Palma, on a sunny morning in mid-August. My friend's troika stood waiting, the coachman distinguished from the public drosky-driver by his black felt cap, shaped like an inverted saucepan and surrounded by peacock's feathers, and his black velvet waistcoat and blouse of crimson silk. Soon we were clear of the town, and had exchanged the macadam of the great highway running north and south for a road that was a mere cart-track across the fields. The carriage swayed and bumped over the ruts, the sun poured hotly down, while blinding clouds of dust pursued and enveloped us. Yet, despite these drawbacks and my own fatigue, the sombre charm of the surrounding landscape gradually took possession of me and laid me under its spell.

The estate of Palna lies within the zone of black earth to which Russia owes her agrarian wealth, so that in spring and early summer the land is sheeted with green and gold, but by August the harvest is gathered in, and my first view of the country-side was of a vast open expanse of black or dark brown soil stretching with gentle undulations to the horizon. For the greater part of the way we saw neither tree nor flower nor any living creature. Only as we drew near our destination there came in sight the straggling forest from which Palna derives its name (Palna meaning in Russian a clearing made in a wood by fire), and presently we passed by barns and farmyards whence the busy hum of threshing-machines issued forth. The entrance to the home park was marked not by a gateway and lodge, but simply by two stone pillars set on either side of the drive, which now began to mount the slopes of a round-topped hill, and again curling downwards and sweeping round a plantation brought us suddenly within sight of the house.

My first impression was of a long, low building in a pseudo-Doric style of architecture, with porticoes at irregular intervals. The general effect would have been disappointingly conventional but that the entire structure was built of pine-wood, which time and weather had subdued to a mellow brown, in picturesque harmony with the green roof and the dome of the cupola. In conclusion, the ornamental balustrades, pillars and casements were painted white, which gave to the whole a *soigné* appearance that is generally conspicuous by its absence from Russian domestic architecture. After changing my dusty garments I was led by my host into the presence of the family party, gathered together in a large enclosed verandah overlooking the garden, where the consumption of *zakusky* prior to luncheon had already begun. This pleasant preliminary is followed by a "squire meal" of solid proportions, beginning with soup, with which small meat patties are often handed.

Fish is scarce in the central provinces, but Russians are capital cooks and make good use of the sterlet and sturgeon. The supply of garden produce is generally scanty, so that, as in France, potatoes and other vegetables form a separate course. The absence of flowers from the table also strikes the English visitor with a sense of loss. Russia is indeed a flowerless land. Even in the pleasure grounds of the rich the ordered masses of radiant annuals, which form the commonplace of an English *parterre*, are rarely seen. In the villages never a flower blooms except the sunflower, grown for the sake of its seeds. Even the grass evidently had a sore struggle with the climatic conditions, and was glad to supplement its deficiencies by a motley show of daisies and dandelions. When we rose from table the younger members of the party volunteered to take me round the grounds. Accordingly, we started off across the lawn and presently came to a stone bridge—the only one for miles—leading across the river Palna, whose swift and turgid stream divides the property and works a dozen flour-mills on its banks. These mills, like everything else on a Russian estate, are in the hands of the owner, and the whole 3,000 acres of arable land at Palna are farmed by M. Stakhovich himself, tenantry, in the English sense, being practically non-existent. Besides four groups of farm buildings, each complete with its granaries, threshing-floors, etc., there are two private houses in the park, belonging to the two elder sons.

Crossing the bridge, a few minutes' walk brought us to the larger of these two residences, belonging to the eldest son, and known as the English House. The exterior very fairly justified the name, being of brick and roofed with slate, with here and there a bow window; but within doors it might be described, from the Russian point of view, as just English enough and not too English, its claim to the title resting chiefly on the presence of fireplaces in the sitting-rooms in place of the accustomed stove. The second house, called the Italian Villa, boasted a lawn-tennis court, which was made of the local black earth and left something to be desired in the way of levelling. Outdoor games, like flowers, are of no account in Russia, the climate being "agin" them. Lawn tennis is becoming fairly popular in large country places, but golf courses only exist in the neighbourhood of Moscow and St. Petersburg; football has but recently been introduced, and cricket is practically unknown. A Saturday cricket match with opposing teams composed of curate and blacksmith, village lads and squires' sons, shopkeepers, footmen, gardeners and what not, would strike a moujik dumb with amazement. Dancing and singing constitute his amusements, and in passing through a village on a fête day, it is common to see the young men and maidens making separate groups on either side of the road. A tune is struck up and they begin by dancing, each sex to themselves. Soon, however, they meet and mingle together, so that presently every lassie has her laddie and the fun grows fast and furious. At Christmas the peasants will sometimes come up to the great house and dance and sing in their ancient national costumes before the gentlefolk; but there is no mixing of one class with another such as we indulge in at a tenants' or servants' ball. Yet, although an Englishman is apt to

deplore the absence of mutual understanding and intercourse between moujik and lord, there is often much kindness and generosity shown by the latter towards his humble neighbours. This is signally the case at Palna, where not only a school of lacework and embroidery, but a workmen's clubroom, two day schools and a hospital with twenty beds, all owe their existence, and to a great extent their upkeep, to the family of Stakhovich.

The old home industries are being gradually ousted by modern manufacturers, and soon, but for the fostering care of subsidised schools like that at Palna, the graceful art of embroidery would die out altogether. Indeed, before long we may look to find the moujik clad in garments of Western make and investing his kopecks in the latest medicines of America. The peasant's faith in spells and incantations dies hard, however, and though M. Stakhovich's hospital is much appreciated in the district, I found a belief in the powers of "wise women" still lingered in the popular mind. There lingers, too, a belief in Divine retribution, of which an incident at Palna furnished me with an example. During the agrarian riots of 1907 the house was set on fire and burnt down, and the servants and retainers of the family, among whom were several old women living in the various farm buildings and courtyards, vented their wrath against the incendiaries by the expletive, common in such cases, of "blast your eyes." Shortly afterwards a man who was under suspicion, and to whom in consequence this invocation had been often applied, was at the blacksmith's, when a spark from the forge flew into his eye and blinded him. This was accepted as clear evidence of guilt; but on M. Stakhovich taking him to Moscow, where removal was performed without injury to the remaining eye, it was inferred that he had had accomplices in the crime and was not wholly and solely to blame. Happily, the possessions most dear to the heart of M. Stakhovich escaped unhurt in the conflagration. These are the racing stud and horse-breeding farm, which have been for many years the chief interest of his life and are responsible for the fact that he rarely leaves his country seat. Flat races and steeple-chases play second fiddle in Russia to trotting matches. Besides, in a country where railways are few and the roads are too bad for motors, fast roadsters are in great demand, so that trotters are far more numerous bred than race-horses and occupied the greater number of M. Stakhovich's loose boxes, among them being many of the famous Orlov breed, who owe, he told me, much of their good looks to their English forbears. While owning my complete ignorance of the mysteries of horsemanship, I none the less enjoyed watching the various stages of breaking-in at the *manège*, visiting the young hopefuls of the stud under the auspices of the dignified trainer (a personage who is often American or English, but was in this instance of Russian birth), or reviewing the long strings of horses out at exercise. In summer-time the track is laid with sawdust sprinkled with a layer of powdered rock-salt, which, absorbing and retaining moisture as it does, makes some compensation for the iron-bound condition of the ground; but the foals are early inured to "hard going," their first form of exercise consisting of being led up and down at a walk on a stone floor. When the snows have melted in the spring of the year, they are turned out on the Steppe, then comes the period of breaking-in, lasting from a month to six weeks, followed by a final visit to the Steppe, after which they make their *début* on the trotting grounds of Riga or St. Petersburg, and pass out of M. Stakhovich's hands. He continues, however, to receive 10 per cent. of their winnings from subsequent owners, that being the rule in Russia.

There are many happy hunting-grounds in Russia for a good game-shot, for pheasants, though rarely preserved, except on the estates of the grand dukes, are natives of the Caucasus and breed there in great numbers, while most other game-birds and water-fowl known to us are also plentiful. Coursing, too, with borzois is a favourite sport in many places, beginning on September 1st. Wild goose and duck shooting opens on July 15th and the shooting of pheasants and other game on August 1st; so that in Russia a sportsman is better off for amusement during the summer months than in this country. But in most houses in which I have stayed the menkind have been given to "taking it aisy," regardless of their opportunities. At Palna the young people spent much of their time in the saddle, being all imbued with a knowledge and love of horses; but, as a rule, my Russian acquaintances, if they rode at all, seemed to prefer the riding-school to the open. Polo has not "caught on" in Russia (the only club I know of is at St. Petersburg, and is, I believe, chiefly supported by English residents), and hunting is made impossible in many northern districts by the dense forests; so that the average civilian is apt to look on horsemanship as a military accomplishment, and prefers to follow his game on foot.

The brilliancy of a Russian dinner-table is confined to the talk. The men do not put on dress clothes, the ladies are never *décolletées* and flower decorations are, as said before, conspicuously absent. In no other European country does the man of means so nearly approach the simple life in his manners and customs,

nor show more frankly in his bodily habiliments the habit of his mind. In blissful freedom from the sartorial tyranny which rules an English country house, he generally spends the morning in his dressing-gown, to which he clings with an Oriental's affection. His love of comfort induces him to taboo the top-hat and to limit the donning of his dress clothes to weddings and

similar functions, and the wearing of goloshes during eight months of the year being necessitated by the prevailing slush, the Occidental weakness for appearing smartly shod is happily suppressed even in the fair sex, who, moreover, when in rural seclusion, rejoice like their male relatives in making the strongest contrast possible between town and country life.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

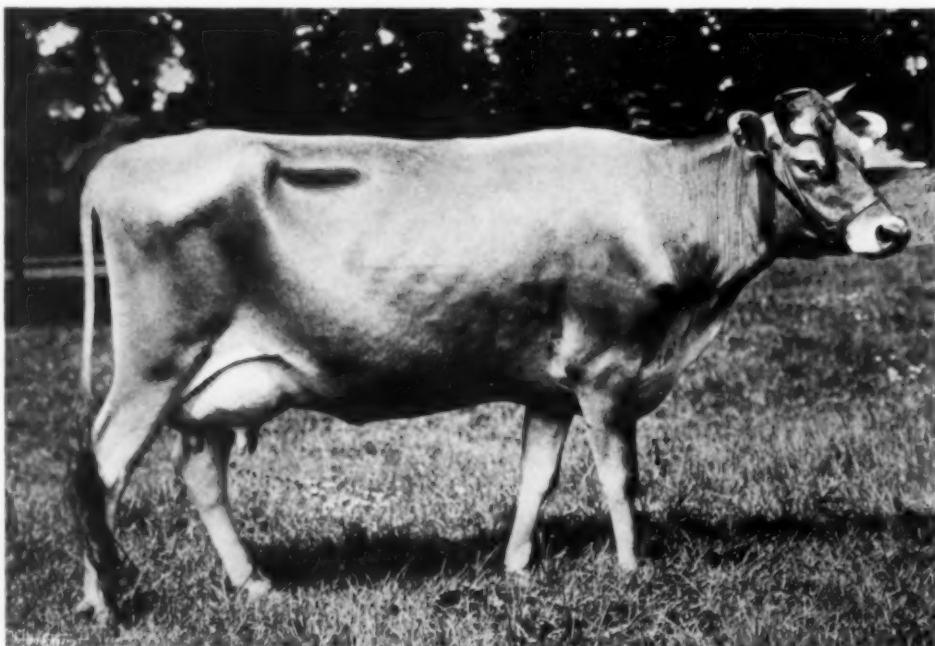
AGRICULTURE.

TRING AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

THURSDAY afforded a most striking illustration of the vast popularity of that well-established institution, the Tring Agricultural Show. It was a most beautiful August day, and sunshine played without intermission on the fields of ripening grain and green meadows that adjoin the approaches to Tring and the woodlands heavy with their deepest summer foliage. Every train disgorged a full load of passengers, who trooped into the great and miscellaneous assortment of conveyances which on this day ply between the station and the show-yard. Along the great highways and the green lanes vehicles of every sort and description—brake, coach-and-four, motor, gig, governess-cart and cycle—made a procession that lasted from early morning till well after noon. Ruddy country-folk in many instances drove twenty-five miles and more, and as an ancient observer remarked, "it was a pleasure to see them smiling." At church and market recently they have shown very rueful countenances, for the weather was going badly against them. The hayseal was lingering into the corn harvest, and while abundant moisture had caused the crops to grow, absence of heat had kept them from filling. But a few days of glorious summer had now changed all that. Work was going merrily on the farm and the prospects were brightening every hour. Thus a pleasant air of cheerfulness very noticeably pervaded the immense crowd in the great park that Lord Rothschild, with his usual generosity, had lent for the occasion. We do not know exactly what number paid for admission, but it must have been immense, as there were crowds enough to fill every coign of vantage. In the grand stand there was not a vacant seat, and round the ring where the driving and jumping competitions were held motors, waggonettes, brakes and private carriages were drawn up in a circle four deep, so that Mr. Richardson Carr and his courteous and efficient assistants had a busy time in arranging the carriages. The work was excellently done, however, without the slightest confusion or disorder. Here, of course, lay the chief centre of attraction, and not a point was lost by a gathering of spectators well fitted to appreciate the exhibition presented to them, from the capital pony riding of the boys to the turn-outs and the jumping. The only note of discord was heard in respect of the novelty at this show, the military performance. It is very clever and, in its way, attractive, but some of the burly farmers voted it "circus work," and seemed inclined to think that the defenders of our country might have something more serious to do than practise tricks which require no great display of horsemanship. A more rational view is that the Army must have its amusements, and "a musical ride" is, at least, innocuous. The most skilful performance was the mounted football match, which gave an excellent opportunity for allowing the men to display their management of the horse. There was a large entry for the jumping competition, and the first prize was awarded to Mr. J. Coleman; but the jumps proved very difficult to negotiate and very few of the horses managed to get round without a mishap. Life, movement and action form the great feature and the attraction of Tring Show. Next to the horsemanship, the subject of most

discussion was furnished by the sheepdog trials, and they most thoroughly deserved the attention of visitors. Every year seems to demonstrate the possession of greater skill on the part of the shepherd and his assistant. But although these striking exhibitions had the effect of collecting a vast number of spectators, there were present experts and amateurs who found it endlessly interesting to go along the great line of horses and cattle, examining, studying and discussing their points. The show in this respect was above even the high average of Tring. There was always a crowd round the London and Peterborough winner, Tandridge Forest King, one of the most promising yearling colts that has been brought forward for a long time, and the exhibits of Mr. Michaelis, Messrs. Flower, Mr. Lester and other well-known breeders were never without a ring of admirers. In the cattle section a vast number of very excellent Jerseys and Guernseys were on show, as well as shorthorns; but we cannot help thinking it a pity that some of the other classes should not

be more fully represented. Kerrys and Dexters, for example, are excellent breeds of cows for those semi-suburban residents whose homes lie on either side of the railway between Tring and Euston. It would add to the usefulness of the show if some active steps were taken to encourage the exhibition of these breeds. The pigs were an uncommonly good lot, and the untrained eye was particularly attracted by a large white which an onlooker described as being "as big as a bullock." Connoisseurs were perhaps better



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pleased with Mr. Jefferson's Barford Rosa and Mr. R.W. Hudson's Danefield Gip. The entries of sheep were not as large as last year, but the quality was excellent. Sir Julius Wernher carried all before him with a pen of South Down ewes, Sir R. P. Cooper was equally successful with his Shropshires, and Mr. J. G. Williams won easily with his Hampshires.

ENCOURAGING THE IRISH FARMER.

PERHAPS it would be as well for some English farmers to get hold of and carefully peruse the eighth general report of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland. Here will be seen what is being done to encourage agriculture in Ireland. There are 122 itinerant instructors being employed. At the Albert Agricultural College £15 has been fixed as the fee payable by farmers' sons and the fee for other students has been reduced from £60 to £50. There are many grants and schemes, but probably that which will excite the greatest attention is that for the improvement of the livestock; thus the number of stallions accepted for registration last year were: Thorough-bred, 156; Clydesdale, 52; Shire, 24; half-bred, 50. The nominations of mares to these stallions were: To thorough-breds, 2,314; to Clydesdales, 803; to Shires, 238; to half-breds, 588. Over 71 per cent. of the nominations were awarded to mares of six years old and under. Coming to the cattle-breeding, premiums were awarded to 270 yearling, 270 two year old and 209 three year old bulls, as well as to 61 that were a year older; of the total 609 were shorthorns, 122 Aberdeen-Angus, 63 Herefords and 16 of other breeds; the grand total being 810. Loans were advanced for the purchase of 140 of these last year as compared with 181 in 1907, which either shows that the Irish farmer has more money or else the bulls are getting into better hands. Now, the value of the premium to each of these bulls was £15. The total number of boars

included in the scheme was 339, to each of which the premium was £3. It is interesting to note how these were distributed. In Ulster there were 17 large white Yorks, 18 large blacks, 17 white Usters. In Munster 48 large white Yorks, 2 large blacks. In Leinster 66 large white Yorks, 22 large blacks. When totalled up the result shows 225 Yorks, 42 large blacks, 17 white Usters. Seemingly the Irish breeders do not favour either the middle white, Berkshire, Tamworth or Lincolnshire curly-coated breeds, which are in favour on this side of the St. George's Channel. Besides offering prizes for sheep at agricultural shows, the Department continued to purchase rams for sale at reduced prices on condition that the animals were retained by the purchasers for at least two seasons. Take whatever branch of agriculture one will, there is found distinct Government encouragement for it.

ELDRID WALKER.

WHEAT.

How long is wheat going to stay above 40s.? That is the question which is exercising many minds at the present moment. From the point of view of the grower the outlook is hopeful. Since the month of October last there has been a continuous rise in prices. Indeed, I might say that the upward movement began in August of 1908. In July of that year the record was £1 10s. 10d. per imperial quarter. In the months of August, September and October it stood slightly above £1 11s. In November it had gone up to £1 11s. 7d., and thence, up to the present time, the rise has been not only continuous, but very marked. In July of the present year the price was £2 3s. 4d., an increase of 12s. 6d. in twelve months. The mean of the 1909 monthly prices, up to the end of July, was £1 18s. 3d., and it is, therefore, fairly safe to say that the year's average will equal, and probably exceed, £2 per quarter. Such an average has not been known since the early eighties. Previous to 1883, the yearly averages of wheat had never been below £2 for 100 years; since that time they have never touched £2 until the present year. In 1894 and 1895 the lowest deeps were reached, when values stood at £1 2s. 10d. in the former year and £1 3s. 1d. in the latter. The trend of prices is better shown by averages of groups of years than by the figures of individual years. The following statement deals with the last three decades, in six periods of five years each; and the first period carries us back to 1883, which, as previously stated, was the last of the 40s. years:

Average of Five Years.					
1879—1883	... £2 4 0	1894—1898	... £1 7 3		
1884—1888	... 1 12 9	1899—1903	... 1 6 10		
1889—1893	... 1 11 0	1904—1908	... 1 9 9		

The encouraging feature of the last period is that there was a steady upward tendency during the whole of it, and it is worth while looking at the figures in detail: 1903, 26s. 9d.; 1904, 28s. 4d.; 1905, 29s. 8d.; 1906, 28s. 3d.; 1907, 30s. 7d.; 1908, 32s. It is difficult, or impossible, to make any safe forecast of values, but the foregoing figures seem to show that the tide is steadily flowing, and that we have probably left permanently

behind us the blackest of the years. Prices are, of course, bound to recede from their present level; the potentialities of Canada and India, Russia and the Argentine are great, and a tremendous impetus will be given to wheat-growing in those countries, as well as at home, with the result that supplies will pour in and lower the price; but in view of the steadily growing requirements of the great consuming countries, it is difficult to think that the experience of the middle nineties will be repeated. So far as the immediate future is concerned, it is fairly safe to say that prices will be high during several months to come. Stocks are very low—lower than they have been for a long time—and while Russia, the United States and Canada report good crops, France, Germany and the Low Countries are likely to have poor harvests.

J. C.

THE CHORLEY SCHEME FOR IMPROVEMENT OF STOCK.

It is long since I have met with more cheerful reading than the accounts given of a scheme for improving the dairy stock in the Chorley district of Lancashire, which has just been started. We are too prone to take it for granted, because of the splendid specimens to be seen at shows and the long prices made by prominent breeders, that we are making satisfactory progress in improving the ordinary livestock of the country, and too often lose sight of the fact that the quality of the cattle and sheep of the majority of the smaller tenant farmers leaves much to be desired. Especially is this the case with the small dairy-farmers, so many of whom are content to go on using bulls which happen to be near them, without a thought as to their breeding or whether they are likely to benefit by their use. It is not their own fault, for they have not the means to buy a good bull for themselves, and should there happen to be one in the neighbourhood the fee charged is generally prohibitive. Seeing this, some enlightened members of the Chorley branch of the Lancashire Farmers' Association, in conjunction with the local agricultural society and the members of the Hunt, have come to the rescue in a business-like and eminently practical manner. They have purchased six pedigree shorthorn bulls, after careful examination of their breeding and inspection of dams to make reasonably sure of their impressiveness as dairy sires. These have been sold to farmers situated at convenient points in the district at very moderate prices, but whether at cost price or less is not stated. The conditions attached to the sales are, first, that they shall be at the service of members of the two societies at the very small fee of 2s., and of non-members at 5s. per cow; second, they are not to keep the same bull for more than two years in the district. The direct inducement offered to farmers to buy the bulls is the payment of £10 a year and all service fees for their trouble. There is great enthusiasm in favour of the scheme in the local Press, and it is reported that at least 200 dairy-farmers have already signified their intention to avail themselves of the privilege offered them. Their example will doubtless be followed, and the results of this thoroughly practical movement can scarcely fail to be productive of solid benefit to the whole district.

A. T. M.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN the world of novelists Mrs. Mann holds a place peculiarly her own. She thinks out her plots with an admirable lucidity and, as a rule, introduces only a few characters into her books, but those are drawn with a singular fidelity and with an amount of detail that brings them into the circle of the reader's personal acquaintances. In *Avenging Children* (Methuen) she has taken a theme with which theology has made us familiar, namely, that our pleasant vices become in the end our scourges. The children of the story are two young men, one of them illegitimate and the other legitimate. It happens by the irony of fate that the elder is by far the stronger and finer character of the two. Deprived of the position and influence which comes with a father's name, he is compelled to face the world with a dependence exclusively on his own resources. Mrs. Mann does not stay to moralise, but, nevertheless, seems to be conscious of the injustice of the convention which renders it incumbent on a rich father to make suitable provision for his legitimate offspring, and is satisfied if he provides a pittance for any other. The theme of the two sons has, of course, been worked out often before, but Mrs. Mann introduces a new element into it. The father, a great Norwich physician named Sir Erasmus Clough, has procured the admission of his natural son into the office of a manufacturing friend, Mr. Blore, who is by far the most striking and lifelike of the figures of the drama. He is therefore compelled to meet him, and, although in their intercourse a certain amount of reserve and awkwardness is unavoidable, they are drawn together by the love and admiration excited in the young man's mind by Lady Eleanor Clough, the doctor's second wife. The manufacturer has a daughter Alice, whose weak character is drawn with a pitiless nicety. She has beauty and amiability, and in more favourable circumstances might have developed a wit of her own, but her father's idea of parental duty is extremely Early Victorian. At the end he is shown not to be lacking in real affection, but it is impossible for her to know that there is any warmth of heart under the rude bullying manner which he continually uses towards her. He is in some ways unconventional, and has taken Love to be his partner in contempt of the popular attitude towards illegitimacy: "Are you, my dear boy, to be held accountable for the fact that a parson omitted to mumble a few words over your father and the woman he was in

love with before you were born?" In fact, it is his ambition that this very able young man should marry his daughter, who, unknown to him, and almost unknown to herself, has already given her affection to the graceless younger brother. He provides an opportunity for the proposal to be made, and is mad with anger when the business is not promptly concluded. He rushes in on the two, and after a few angry words with the suitor, who is too high-spirited to brook interference:

"Fifteen minutes," he said; "I timed you. It is fifteen minutes since you crossed the factory yard on your way here. Time, in a quarter of an hour, to put a plain question and get a plain answer I should have thought!" His voice increased in power as was its habit when he felt contradiction in the air. "You can say, 'Will you marry me, Grace?' and she can reply, 'Thank you, Ronald Love, I will,' in fifteen minutes, I take it."

Taken by itself this has the effect of caricature, but in the book it occurs as a perfectly natural expression of the man's temperament. The girl naturally does not wish to accept the offer. We give a fragment of the conversation which ensues, and the rest of it can easily be imagined:

"I do not wish to be married yet, papa."

"You do not?" Her father leant across the piano, bringing his big red face close to her half-hidden one. He was so astonished at her daring that he forgot to bluster.

"And if I do wish it? If I think that the time has come for you to be married—what then? If I do wish it?"

"Mr. Blore, I will have no woman bullied into marrying me," Ronald said.

The other man was as if he did not hear: "If I wish it? How then?" he repeated the words almost in his daughter's ear and waited.

"Just as you wish, of course, papa."

Blore drew himself erect, and breathed a loud sigh of satisfaction. "Ah, I thought so," he said. He looked triumphantly at Ronald Love. "That's more like business."

Eventually Grace says the necessary "I will," although under very slight pressure from Alfred Clough she confesses that her heart had already been given to him. Here we have the foundation of a tragedy which is all the more impressive because of its being the natural sequence of the original offence. Mrs. Mann is one of those writers who have the courage, once they have set their characters going, to let Fate and human nature work out the end. It is obvious from the very introduction of Grace that she is

one of those frail women who have not strength of mind enough to choose their own path and march resolutely along it, but are driven before every wind of circumstance that arises. The girl has not even the stuff of rebellion in her, but is overmastered by fear of her father. It is this that eventually causes her to elope with Alfred, an event that effects a revolution in the attitude of the various persons in the drama. Her father finds her in an hotel in which she has shut herself up, while her lover stays at another place, and he brings her back in triumph. Conventional opinion says there is no way out but marriage. Mr. Blore does not at all see that. Sir Erasmus concludes:

"My son must marry your daughter. He will not shirk the responsibility he has incurred, and his mother and I sanction the marriage!" But—"Never," Blore cried. "Never!" he brought down his closed fist into the open palm of his other hand and glared in the doctor's pale face. "I give you my word of honour there, Clough. Man! if I meant them to marry, what do you suppose I separated them for?"

"It was the act of a madman. Don't ask me to explain it," Sir Erasmus said with cold contempt.

"Marry, did you say? Marry my daughter? No, nor touch her, nor speak to her, nor while I can prevent it—and I swear to do it, or die in the attempt—come within a mile of her again."

But Mr. Blore also finds that circumstances are stronger than he. Eventually the girl is married to young Clough, but before the event takes place his inconstant mind has veered towards an actress who has been assisting him in certain amateur theatricals, and the ceremony is an empty one. He,

in his turn, is deserted by the actress, who has brought upon him a great burden of debt, and to his own story he writes "Finis" with a razor. This is probably a very correct study of suicide. A considerable amount of vice and instability of character, joined to a temperament that is almost childish in many aspects, turns impulsively to the "emergency exit," which a stronger and deeper mind would survey with hesitation before resolving to take the final plunge. Sir Erasmus, overwhelmed with misfortunes, succumbs to an attack of paralysis. The condition of mind in which he dies may be judged from his last conversation with Ronald, who accompanies him to Rose Cottage, where he had known Ronald's injured mother:

"You are right. I have been that of late, Ronald. Very, very lonely." He was silent for a time, and then went on as if the thought with which he had been busy he had spoken aloud—"And so I thought I'd go once again before I died, and stand in the room where your mother lived. Poor Nancie!" he said, lingering on the name. "Poor pretty, pretty Nancie!"

His mind passes from Nancie to the mother of Alfred, and his last recorded words are:

"If it had been the other," he said, "poor Nancie's son; if it had been Ronald I could have understood. But Eleanor's boy—our only one—Eleanor's!—Eleanor's! Is there sense—is there justice—?"

This is the real conclusion of one of those powerful and pathetic stories which since literature first dawned have enabled us to see how thoughtful minds regard the transgression of those laws by which civilised society is governed.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE CALCUTTA CUP.

LAST week at St. Andrews was much taken up with the tournament for the Calcutta Cup. This, and the Jubilee Vase competition, which likewise is played for by tournament under handicap, always cause rather uncommon interest, mainly because they bring together in match play golfers of very different calibre who are not at all in the habit of playing together. It is rather the fashion, at this great headquarters of the game, for like to play with like—speaking of a similarity in golfing capability—and it is always interesting to see how a player will acquit himself when he comes to battle with one of quite another calibre. The case is other than that of friends who may meet in matches with a heavy handicap to make the odds even. In most instances it is likely that the opponents may never have played each other before, and this makes a difference. Sometimes the weaker player is overwhelmed by the stronger and fails to find his game at all; but there are other gallant spirits who can rise to the great occasion and play the game of their lives against a stronger man.

SOME POINTS OF THE PLAY.

The competition this year brought into the field more, by the fatal number of thirteen, than took part in it last summer, but the holder, Mr. H. C. Wilson, was not among them. Mr. Norman Hunter was the most heavily handicapped, at plus two, and survived several rounds before falling to Mr. Park, who played from scratch. Apparently his presumption in beating so famous a golfer was too much for the victor, for in the very next heat he lost every one of the first five holes and was defeated by 8 and 7. The competition was on the new course, which is often thought to give the stronger player more advantage than the old, yet the final victory lay between Captain Anstruther, playing from scratch, and Mr. O. S. Curtis, receiving six—an evidence of the good handicapping. The former won rather easily, taking the lead at the start and never losing it.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL COURSE.

The Americans are getting on with their National Course which has been so long in the making, and are now playing the holes tentatively to see where they should be bunkered and so on. This is the course which is being made with the magnificent design that it shall include a copy of every one of the best holes that its designer, Mr. C. B. Macdonald, was able to find in all the kingdom of golf, which he has explored very thoroughly for the purpose. It is further evidence of the typical thoroughness with which this project is being executed that, being in some doubt as to the best way of bunkering two of the holes on this new course, the executive are sending over here for advice about them. Whether they will follow the advice when received is, of course, quite "another story"; but even asking for the counsel may be taken as a sign, and there is much instruction for those from whom they seek that counsel in the very questions submitted.

THE TENTH HOLE, AS PROPOSED, EXCELLENT.

One of the holes under debate, the tenth, seems to me a very perfect one of its kind. Its length is only 330 yds., and no doubt it would be rather improved by making it just a little longer. It is a dog-leg hole, the rough on the left coming out at an angle into the course. There are some undulations, but these are incidental and may be disregarded. This, however, is the point that should be marked, learnt and inwardly digested by all green committees, that the green, which is small, is heavily guarded by bunkers for the approach from the right. The effect of this, combined with the dog-leg angle of bunkered rough projecting into the course from the left, is that the more boldly and powerfully the golfer takes this angle with the tee

shot, the easier will his approach be. Not only will he be nearer the hole than the man who has sought an ignominious safety by playing out to the right of the angle, but he will have a very much easier shot to play, because it will be clear of all hazard. The difficulty of the approach from the right across the bunkers is enhanced by the ground falling away on the left of the green, so that an over-strong approach from the right would run far away from the hole.

THE BOTTLE HOLE AND THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE.

The principle shown in the planning of this hole, namely, to give the deserved reward to the man who has dared greatly and achieved successfully, is one which has been kept constantly in mind in the planning of this course wherever the holes have not been as complete a copy as possible of holes actually existing elsewhere; and it may be added that no hole would have been accepted as worthy to be a model had it not, more or less, carried this principle into effect. In the second of the holes submitted for opinion, it looks as if this excellent idea would be carried really too far if the course to the hole were bunkered according to present proposals. Here the idea is, virtually, that of a bunker diagonally across the course, with bunkers guarding the green, so that a much easier second shot is given to the man whose tee shot has been played to the right side of the course, which has a total fairway of 60 yds. The diagonal bunker so runs that its left extremity is the nearer to the tee and the right extremity the further. About 150 yds. carry will take you over the nearer extremity, but you get your greater reward, in shape of an easier approach, if you can steer the very narrow way on the right between the bunker and the rough edges of the courses. It is because of this ever-narrowing way that the hole is given its name of "bottle" hole, and the idea is excellent, only, perhaps, a little overdone. If the bunker were at a less obtuse angle to the player of the tee shot it would make the stroke easier, and therefore perhaps better—for is it not just a little too punishing, as at present planned? Or if there were two bunkers instead of one (as a matter of fact, the proposed bunker shown in the plan is not one pot, but a chain of pots), of which the left hand might run out from the side to the centre of the fairway at such a distance as to give a carry of 150 yds., and the right hand lay on the right from the right side of the course to the centre some 60 yds. further on, the same end might be accomplished. But in any case that is the right end, that the tee shot, if placed correctly, shall give an easier second than if not correctly placed. It is an idea to be held in mind by all planners of greens, second in importance only to one other, namely, that no one idea shall be allowed to obsess the mind in so planning to the exclusion of others. It is the following, without relaxation, of one idea, however good in itself, that makes courses dull with all the dullness of artificiality; it is only by combining all ideas that are not bad that one can get anything like the infinite variety of Nature. Of course a very good hole is to be made by setting your diagonal bunker conversely to the way proposed here, *i.e.*, with its right hand extremity nearer the tee, and the green bunkered with guards as before. In that case the man who carries the bunker has an easier shot than he who runs up on the left, short of it. But this is not subtle enough to be worth dwelling on. It is very obvious.

TAYLOR AND HIS CLERK.

Uncertain, coy and hard to please as are all the clubs that plague us, none is quite so utterly and incomprehensibly wayward as the clerk. It is the prop and stay of the beginner, who pines for it, while his ambition compels him to essay his *travie*, but it is frequently the master of the finished player. The old motto of "take your clerk for safety" is all very well so long as we are "on it" with our clerk, for then it is the straight club *par excellence*, but we are so very often not on it. It would

seem impossible for a man, who was striking the ball so absolutely cleanly and accurately as Taylor was at Deal, to be frightened of any club. Yet Taylor, magnificent as he is with all iron clubs, would rather have died than venture on a cleek shot. He had lost all confidence in it and was reduced to a short, sturdy, stumpy-headed little spoon. Many of us would be delighted to be reduced to a spoon with similar results, for his play with it was nearly perfect. Mr. Hilton, again, though admirable with a straight-faced iron, never, so far as we know, touches a cleek; but then his spoon "surprises by himself" cleek, driving mashie and driving iron. As a general rule, however, the great men, with Taylor conspicuous among them, are great cleek players. For ordinary people it seems to require too accurate timing, even more accurate than does a driver, though why it should is an inscrutable mystery.

AND HIS RECORD.

Just after writing the above note, we turned to the morning paper, to see that Taylor had been doing something more prodigious than usual: 66 round the Mid-Surrey course really is prodigious—32 out and 34 home! and the wildest builder of airy castles, playing the course with a pencil and a bit of paper in his own drawing-room, would not go round under 70. The course is very far from short; there are but three one-shot holes, and there are under ordinary conditions two, if not three, which cannot reasonably be done under five. The one-shot holes cannot, of course, reasonably be done under three, but Taylor was so unreasonable as to have two twos. He had also two fives and four threes, and for the other twelve a monotonous sequence of fours; moreover, a good many of those four holes require good honest hitting with the second shot, even for Taylor. The greens are, of course, perfection, and once a man is on them, he ought to get down in the regulation two putts, but even so—well, there is really nothing more to be said; it is a terribly good.

THE HIGHLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final of the tournament with this rather high-sounding title was



MR. F. H. A. BOOTH.

appropriately contested between one gentleman, presumably from the lowlands, or entering, at least, from a lowland club, and another from the Isle of Wight and the Straits Settlements. On the whole, we think it a pity to make quite so free with the word championship and that the "Pitlochry Open Tournament" would have sounded quite as well. Mr. Brown, who beat Mr. Campbell in the final, is a very good golfer who would be much better known if he played more golf at home and less abroad. He did very well at Muirfield in the amateur championship. He was captain of the Cambridge University side at about the end of the eighties, and won the chief scratch prize there—the Linskill Cup—on innumerable occasions. On the curious funnel-shaped cover which encases that trophy the name of Mr. D. A. M. Brown is written many times in letters of gold, and fills with awe and admiration the undergraduate golfer of to-day.

MR. F. H. A. BOOTH.

Mr. Booth is apparently watching with a benignant though critical eye the play of some candidates for that luckless English side of which he is one of the selectors. He is a really patriotic and self-sacrificing person, for he made the long journey to Muirfield on purpose to assist the Selection Committee as the representative of the Royal St. George's Club. Everybody would have been delighted to see Mr. Booth as a competitor in the championship and not a mere looker-on, but he sometimes suffers from aches and pains, unfortunately prohibitive of golf. Not very long ago Mr. Booth was winning scratch medals at Sandwich, a course which suited him particularly well, for at his best he hits a fine ball with plenty of carry. He also played much at Woking, which may be called his home course, since he lives not far off; also at St. Andrews and in more ancient days at Epsom. It is sad to see him depicted with so peaceful an implement in his hand as a mere umbrella. We must all hope that it will soon be laid aside to be replaced by a club.

GROUSE AND DEER PROSPECTS.

BY the time these lines are in print the Twelfth will be past and gone; another sunny milestone (whatever the day may bring forth) will be behind us marking another golden day in the grey stretch which every successive year lengthens. It may be fine, it may be wet, it may be hot or cold, the scent good or bad, but it will, at any rate, be a red-letter day, for the Twelfth is not quite the same as any other anniversary in the sporting calendar.

Three days ago I was in London. It was a hot, dusty day on which the sun beat savagely on to the scorched pavements and struck fiercely upwards into puckered eyes. In Piccadilly the jingling tinkle of scattered hansoms rose shrilly above the muttered rumble of the motor-buses. Top-hats were a minus quantity. Such as there were lurked furtively, as though half ashamed of their own conspicuity above the environs of Bond Street. Men, from whose pockets jutted brass-bound, red leather pocket-books, carried brown canvas-covered gun-cases shoulder high to the clubs and Mayfair, an outward and visible sign that those on whom the gods smiled were about to shake the dust of London from their feet. Is anticipation better than the realisation, I wonder? Is it the whole series of events which lead up to and culminate in the twelfth day of August that make it the day it is? I am inclined to think so. I love it all from the very instant I start packing. The drive to King's Cross; the setters whining in the guard's van; the men with pipes, guns, rifles and rod-boxes, who stroll contentedly about the platform; the frantic parents diving through mounds of luggage after bewildered nursemaids and rejoicing children; the agitated lady who, growing hot and flustered, declares with certainty that she has lost the key

which dangles all the time upon her wrist; the young married couple—*O fortunati!*—who smile into each other's eyes; the porter who yells "Wheer are ye for-r?" at Perth; and the youth who screams "Graapes, Green-gaages and En'braa Rock, Plooms," as you alight. It all joins the life you have left to the life you long for, and a peace, unbelievable to those who do not know. And so you come to the Twelfth.

Unless one is actually on the ground, seeing the birds, noting the weather and following the daily life of the moor with one's own eyes, it is almost impossible to say with any certainty what the season's sport will be like. An oyster is hardly less non-committal than the Highland keeper: "Weel! it's no so baad, but it micht no' be war!" and so on, and in conning over the amount of information you have extracted from even a talkative one, you will find that your sum total does not reach a very high figure.

On the whole, the present season should be a good one, though the astonishing bags obtained on some moors last year will not be repeated. There is the usual talk about disease and very little, or at any rate varied, genuine information. Last year many low lying moors carried an extraordinary stock of birds owing to the fact that the entire stock from the surrounding high ground migrated *en masse*. I know of one moor on which well over 2,000 brace were killed last season, and on which 1,000 brace will be a good bag this year. Large numbers of grouse died in the valley of the Findhorn, and Coignafearn, Glenmazeran and Kyllachy all suffered, as well as the moors in Stratherrick and the surrounding district, such as Garrogie, Killin, Dell and Dunmaglass. Farraline should be good, and some heavy bags are expected at Moy in September. Novar,

Inverloch and Ardross all send good reports, and indeed from Inverness-shire and the north the reports generally are quite up to the average, though in some districts complaints are made as to birds on the high ground. Midfearn, which did well last season, expects to do even better this year. The moors in Glen Urquhart promise well. At Meallmore, though there were some rumours of disease, the latest reports say that the stock of birds is very even. In Sutherland the high ground is poor, but the general prospects both here and in Caithness are quite up to the average. In some districts there are a good many late broods. A keeper told me this morning that on some of the Inverness-shire moors there was an unusually large percentage of barren birds. In the Monadhliaths a large stock of grouse was left last year, and a good season was predicted. Many birds, unfortunately, perished during the spring and early summer on the high ground, so that the bags will certainly not be up to those of 1908. In Ayrshire the reports are not so promising as might have been expected. The south-eastern corner of Scotland seems to be the most pessimistic, though some parts of Argyllshire send disappointing accounts. Perthshire, of course, did very badly last year, and two years' disease takes a long time to recover from. Aberdeenshire is quite up to the average. Some good bags should be obtained round Gaick, and Fetteresso promises fairly well. The coveys average from five to six birds, in most cases well-grown, though I hear that there are a good many young broods at Moy. As I have already said, low-lying moors will, on the whole, secure the best bags. Banffshire, Morayshire and Ross-shire all send good reports.

To come now to the deer. The reports are excellent, almost without exception. Snow fell late in the year, but it was never really bad and did not last long. The stags could always obtain fresh food unspoiled by frost, and the majority started on their period of horn growth in good condition. It is early yet to talk, but there is no reason why some exceptional heads should not be killed this year. Mr. Sydney Loder is back at Kintail after all; but Benula, of which Captain Quintin Dick was tenant so long, is unlet. There are, indeed, an extraordinary number of forests unoccupied, Forest Lodge, Fealar,

Glenbruar, Portclair, Deanich, Achnashellach, Glenquoich to mention some. Strathvaich, Barrisdale, Strathconan, Affric should all do well, and Cluaine and Balmacraan both send good accounts. One isolated case proves nothing, but the only deer I have seen are in splendid condition. Stalking will probably begin early this year, indeed, I heard of one stag which has been already killed. He was very fat, weighed over seventeen stone, and the points of his horns were coming through the velvet.

The days of the big deer forests may return. Whether or no Mr. Allan Gordon Cameron's prediction as to the future of stalking is true remains to be seen. Many will hope it is. Time alone will show.

FRANK WALLACE.

THE WONDERBERRY.

FROM a large number of letters we continue to receive about this subject we print the following: "I send by same post a spray of the wonderberry and fruit—evidently a tomato (?)—raised from two packets of seed sent me by the advertiser—John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, New York, U.S.A.—who calls it a 'luscious berry, ripening in three months from seed! (Luther Burbank's Greatest Creation?)'. If it is really poison, Louis (or Lewis) Childs should be prosecuted! I will be glad to hear more of this through your columns. Meanwhile, *our crop is not ripe for eating yet!*—J. HARVIE BROWN." The specimen sent is undoubtedly a form of the common nightshade or hound berry (*Solanum nigrum*), which is an annual weed in this country, generally being found on cultivated ground or waste spaces where the soil is of a moist character. Several well-known forms of the plant are frequently encountered, the colour of the ripe fruits being black, red or yellow, the former the most common. The plant forms a branching specimen from 1ft. to 2ft. high, and has small white flowers which are borne in drooping clusters, these being followed by the small fruits, which, as stated by our correspondent, somewhat resemble those of the tomato, which belongs to the same natural order as *Solanum nigrum*. This plant is generally regarded as being poisonous, but there appears to be some doubt on this point. In any case, we strongly advise our readers to refrain from eating any of the fruits of the "wonderberry," which, whether poisonous or not, can only be regarded as a fraud. Should the fruits prove edible, we have an abundance of other kinds that are far superior.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have noticed correspondence in your columns regarding coloured West Highland terriers, or, as some fanciers call them, "short-coated Skye terriers." I have a number of these little dogs in my possession, and enclose a photograph taken lately by the Sports and General Illustrations Company. Dogs of this kind were used by my father—the late Lord Tweedmouth—for sporting purposes in Inverness-shire, and they, as well as the long-coated Skye terriers, were found of special use in ridding the deer forests of vermin, especially in the spring months of the year. My kennel manager at the kennels here—Mr. Peter Davidson—will be glad to show the dogs to any fancier who will write and make an appointment. I hear there is the prospect of a club being formed for the encouragement of these dogs, and I trust that it will be called "West Highland Terrier Club," as the dogs are practically the same as those already registered in the West White Highland Terrier Club, but from which dogs of any colour but white are excluded.—ISABEL ABERDEEN, Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I see your correspondent from Queenstown mentions the blue-grey,

wire-haired terriers resembling the short-haired Skye. These are certainly very difficult to find now. I fancy they are probably from the old Drynoch terriers of Skye, as these have always been referred

to as having been grey. Some of my grey ones are almost blue-grey, but others are grey-brindled. These terriers were sent from Skye to many parts. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Macdonald, the present laird of Watnish, Skye, I have been able to refer to many letters on the subject. In the early seventies there seems to have been a controversy regarding the long-haired and short-haired Skye. I send you a letter which I would be obliged if you would publish regarding this, written by the late Captain Macdonald of Watnish, whose Skye otter terriers were at one time quite famous; the present owner still keeps up these kennels, and splendid, hardy-looking little dogs they are. In many of these older letters they refer to the terriers as being small and weighing from 10lb. to 18lb. They seem to have been in great demand, as also were the Mackinnon and Drynoch terriers. When the Skye Club was first started, Mr. Gordon Murray seems to have referred to Captain Macdonald on several occasions regarding particulars of these terriers, also Mr. Hugh Dalziel. Of course, the earlier Scottish and sporting Skye are much the same dog, though



LADY ABERDEEN AND SOME OF HER TERRIERS.



AN ARMFUL.

the former has altered considerably from the original type, the latter in Skye never having changed from the useful little working terrier of more than one hundred years ago. I and many others wish to keep up the original Highland terrier, who by selection has become so altered in the show-ring into the large Scottish and long-haired Skye terrier. —J. A. CAMPBELL.

SEEDING A LAWN-TENNIS COURT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some nine months ago there appeared in your "Correspondence" column the correct proportions of grass seeds for a lawn-tennis court. I should be obliged if you would put me in the way of obtaining the recipe in question.—W. HANCOCKS.

[To obtain good, close turf in a short period, not less than 1lb. of new grass seed should be allowed for every rod of land; or, if bought by measure, 1gal. of seed to every three rods. It is essential that the seed be obtained from a good source, so that its germinating powers are high, and it will also be necessary to protect it from the birds until germination has taken place.—ED.]

MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have been surprised to read the letter signed "H." in your last issue bearing the above heading, in which the writer complains of the severe treatment of a mother whose child was suffering from astigmatism, a case your correspondent calls "no doubt not a singular one, but only typical of many of its kind." The suggestion seems to be that, under the recent Act, impossible requirements are made by medical authority in the case of very poor parents. Your correspondent gives no particulars, so that it is impossible to trace the authority under which this harsh act is alleged to have occurred. My own experience in this county would not suggest the probability of such an occurrence in Kent. If this case can be verified, I would suggest to your correspondent that he should write to the Clerk of the County Council, or whatever the local authority may be, and I should be surprised to hear that relief was not obtained, or at least time allowed for getting help. It must be remembered that such a medical requirement would probably mean a permanent benefit to the child, which might make all the difference to his future life, so that it would seem a pity to discourage such medical advice, although I quite admit that it should be acted upon with all consideration.—JOHN G. TALBOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "H." tells us a pitiful tale of a poor woman whose child has been discovered at the medical inspection of school "to be suffering from astigmatism, and in consequence the medical inspector has ordered her a pair of spectacles, price 7s. 6d.," and then our hearts are wrung by dire threatenings of possible penalties which "H." seems to imagine will follow if the spectacles are not obtained. I am unaware of any such possible penalties. The medical inspector, as far as I know his duties, has to ascertain and tell parents of ill and defects, but there is no power to "order" their remedy. It looks to me on reading the case, as set forth by "H.," as if the medical officer had given an order for the spectacles, which is a very different matter to giving an order the disobedience of which will entail possible penalties; and, I think, "H." stands for "had."—A. H. H.

A TINY HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photographs show what I am informed is the smallest horse broken to harness in the world, and it is not hard to believe it when its size is compared with that of the dog. It must also be of a singularly placid disposition, for, small as it is, it would be a big handful to lift up in this way against its will.—H. PENFOLD.

THE ORCHARD-HOUSE AND THE FRUITS TO GROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to an enquiry by "M. McC.," I strongly advise that experiments be first made with, say, six trees in pots. It is possible that success may attend the experimental trial. I would advise that two peaches, two nectarines, one cherry and one plum be chosen. Of the peaches I advise two out of the following four sorts: Dr. Hogg and Stirling Castle, both mid-season varieties; or Sea Eagle and the Nectarine Peach, both later varieties. Of the nectarines, Early Rivers's and Cardinal, both early varieties; or Pine Apple and Victoria, both of which are later in ripening. For a cherry I advise either Early Rivers's or Early Frogmore Bigaureau, the former a black and the latter a white fruit. Of the plums I would choose either Early Transparent

Gage or Jefferson, both with rich, golden-coloured fruits when fully matured. Six trees would, in my opinion, be quite sufficient for a trial. They should be allowed to come into flower at the natural time of flowering, no attempt at forcing being entertained for the first season. Abundant ventilation must be afforded during the time of flowering, combined with a cool temperature, especially at night, when 45deg. Fahr. is ample. Before any of the flowers expand the trees should be subjected to a fumigation to kill, or, at least, to check considerably, the aphids (otherwise the green and the black fly). The trees should not be purchased until the late autumn; and in purchasing them it should be stipulated, if no practical gardener be employed, that they be re-potted before delivery.—J. HUDSON.

A PLOVER'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of the nesting-site and eggs of the ringed plover between railway lines. The egg nearest the line was 1½ in. distant from it. This egg got cracked, but the other three hatched off safely. A number of trains passed over it every day, and the female could be seen leaving the eggs when the train was only a few yards off.—C. W. COLTHROP.

DESTRUCTIVE CATERpillARS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your impression of the 31st ult. is a letter from Mr. Turner-Turner of Beaulieu, Hants, with a photograph showing the ravages of a caterpillar in that neighbourhood. It would be interesting to compare districts. He speaks of the oaks and roses having suffered. We are here, on the northern side of Exmoor, in an oak wood about two miles long by one or more miles broad. The garden of this cottage is almost full of roses. Neither oaks nor roses are affected by this plague of caterpillars, nor are the chestnuts, mountain ash, ash, ilex, of which there are specimens in the wood. I left London less than a fortnight ago, and there was no symptom of the plague in Kensington Gardens. So the plague appears to be local, and it will be interesting if other of your readers will say if the plague has visited their districts.—JOHN WILLIAM HAWKINS, Coombe Corner, Porlock, Taunton.



STRANGE NESTING-SITE.



HOUND AND HORSE.

FEEDING KINKAJOUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The dietary given last week in your "Correspondence" columns is quite correct for kinkajous; but care must be taken not to overdo the honey and jam. They are not fond of greenstuff as a rule, but like boiled potatoes and carrots. Milk puddings should consist of well-boiled rice and milk, and dates, if they are fond of them, may be given as an ordinary article of food instead of being reserved for special treats. Nuts they also appreciate, especially peanuts, or monkey-nuts as they are sometimes called. Kinkajous in a natural state are great insect-eaters, so if it is possible they should be given an occasional opportunity of indulging their tastes in this direction also. They become interesting pets.—M.

BADGER AND FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose for your inspection three photographs taken on the Welsh



SHOWING HIS WHITE TAG.

hills. Since taking them I have been informed that I am extremely fortunate to have obtained such an effective view of the badger, as he is now very rare in Great Britain. I am aware of one large "burrow" in Wales, but beyond this I do not know of other places, so should be glad to have your views on the rarity of the species. With regard to the two photographs of the fox, I should value your opinion on two points: First, is the fox found in Wales, and hilly country generally, different from the ordinary species so plentiful in the lowlands? I have noticed that he is, as a rule, smaller and, if possible, more agile than his brother from the grass counties, while in Westmorland he is known as the rock fox. Secondly, I should be glad to know if it is not unusual to find a white tag on the brush of a young dog fox, as in my photograph? I had always been under the impression that this mark was a sign of age. I hope that you can satisfy my curiosity on these points.—

OLIVER G. PIKE.

[The badger is by no means scarce in this country, but it is rarely seen about in the daytime.—ED.]

BRACKEN LITTER AS MANURE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—We find in Dorset that bracken litter makes bad manure, as it is so full of wireworms. On the other hand, on Dartmoor it is greatly valued for the potato ground, and is cut green in large quantities for use on them.—O.

HEADS AT OLYMPIA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of July 24th I have read an article on the Sports and Travel Exhibition at Olympia. In speaking of the skull of an Alaskan brown bear (*Ursus dalli gyas*), which I have lent to the exhibition, your correspondent says: "This, at one time, was the record specimen, but one or two have since been killed which exceed it in size." The measurements and weight of this skull, as taken by Rowland Ward, are as follows: 1. Basal length from back to front, 17½ in. 2. Width across the zygomatic arches, 10 7/8 in. 3. Weight clean, 8 lb. 4 oz. As far as I am aware, this skull still stands as the record skull which has been obtained in recent years and is authenticated from measurements taken by a scientific naturalist. If, however, any larger



HIS STRONGHOLD.

skulls have recently been recorded from Alaska, or elsewhere, I should be interested to know the measurements and weight of them.—C. E. RADCLIFFE.

POT-POURRI.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The making of pot-pourri is an almost forgotten art, yet the process is quite simple. The rose petals must be gathered on a fine, bright day, and roses of all kinds may add their store, from the damask roses which came to us from Damascus in

the time of the Crusades to the creamy yellow and pink tea roses which found their way here as late as 1824. The only essential is that they must be dried well, and while doing this, other flowers may be stolen from the garden to add their sweets to the nosegay in a shrine. Carnations, clove pinks, violets, jessamine, rosemary and lavender, verbena and myrtle should be culled; indeed, one of the secrets of successful pot-pourri lies in the fact that one should be continually adding to it; even sweet herbs shredded and dried in the sun aid in sweetening the contents of the china bowls. The spices, which must be pounded together finely, are to preserve the flowers, and the sweet essences are to add fragrance, but it is well to observe proportion in using these. The following is a reliable recipe, culled from an ancient manuscript book: "Allow six handfuls of mixed rose petals, add to these three handfuls of orange flowers, carnations and clove pinks, also of other sweet-smelling flowers two handfuls, adding the flowers as they bloom, and drying them well. To these allow one pound baysalt, two ounces saltpetre, one nutmeg, half an ounce of cloves and half an ounce of allspice. Next add one ounce of bergamot and six ounces powdered orris root. Allow next one drachm each of spirits of lavender and essence of musk and lemon, mix all the ingredients together, put them into a deep china bowl or jar, add the dried petals and mix them

very often." A still simpler method is to use rose petals only, and to dry these and pack them in jars, putting salt and powdered orris root between. Such jars kept in a linen-press scent all napery and bed-linen slightly with a most delicious faint perfume. Another method is to gather all flowers which have a sweet perfume, and to dry them well; then to mix together equal quantities of musk, cloves, orris root, baysalt and allspice, and to pack petals and powdered spices in alternate layers till the jars or bowls are full. If the mixture seems too moist after a few days a little more powdered orris root should be added. Perhaps it is because of the touch of mysticism which prevails anent her parentage that the rose is so laden with myth, fable and history, and perhaps because of this that she, out of all flowers, is chosen as the sweetest, the most time-enduring, for she, the chief ingredient in pot-pourri, seems to defy time and imitation.—V. LOUISE WRENCH.

HAWK AND THRUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—While sitting on a wall last night (August 5th), about 8.45, with a gun beside me, watching for some rabbits coming out of their holes, I suddenly felt something alight on my arm, and, looking up, I saw a hawk hovering quite near my head, and a poor little thrush was resting on my hand, so terrified that it was nearly dead. I waited till the hawk flew away with fright at sight of me. The little thrush soon revived and flew off unhurt.—A. W. MASON.



A WELSH FOX CUB.